

THE
LIVING ELEGY:
OR,
Dunton's Letter
(being a Word of Comfort)
TO HIS
Few Creditors:
WITH THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Summer-Friend.

To which is Added,
The Lives, Religion, and Honesty of
the *Moderator, Wandering Spy, Rehearsal, London-C* — *D*
(*alias Post*) *Interloping Whiffer*, and the other *AT*
TACHERS of my Person and Goods.

Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Mat. 18. 26

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THE
LIVING ELEGY:
OR,
Dunton's Letter
(being a Word of Comfort)
TO HIS
Few Creditors.

My Generous Friends,

MR. Thorp being much in Debt, retreats to the *Mint*, where he falls to writing *A Poem* on himself, which he calls *A LIVING ELEGY*; and invites all his Creditors to his Funeral, to lament his Death: But (Gentlemen) tho' I call this *Letter The Living Elegy*, you'll have no Reason to lament (my *Life or Death*) on the Account of any Loss you'll receive by me; for I have taken Care (as you'll hear anon) that if any Creditor come to my Funeral, that he'll have Cause rather to lament the Loss of my Life (*were it worth a Tear*) than any thing else he can lose by me: So that if a Fix'd Resolution to pay my Creditors (whether I live or die) will dry up your Tears, (and make you chearful) you'll laugh when other Creditors weep; and I shan't miss of as much Compassion as this *Living Elegy* (or *Word of Comfort* to you that trust me) mourns and laments for. And the Truth is,

I greatly admire, that Men that stand in need of *Mercy* themselves, should be hard-hearted and cruel to their *Poor Debtors*: I own Gentlemen, this is none of your Temper or Practice; for I have Traded with you for many Years, and can say, from my own Experience, None can be more pitiful to the Distressed, or more willing to succour the Unfortunate. And I must say, if there be such a thing as a Friend, (which some question) 'tis only he who has the Courage and Honour to defend and assist us from the Beginning of Winter to the End of it; for when the Summer [of Health and Prosperity] comes, all the World will care for and serve us: But where are these Winter-Friends? For my own share, (my few Creditors excepted) I never saw the Man that would own a Friend in Adversity. I confess, if any thing could beget us Friends, it would be the freely venturing all one has, to serve others in their Distress: But this I have done for several; but upon the first Cloud that arose, I found those that I most obliged, the very First that would quit my Trade: So that (as Cowley says),

There are fewer Friends on Earth than Kings. FRIENDS!

What had Word was that? Gentlemen, did you ever

see any of those Creatures? Are they Men and Women?

If they are, they come from Bantam, or Japan; for my part, I never saw any such horn in England.

'Tis true, I have seen some thing like 'em, call'd by the Delicate Name of *little withers*; Persons that have it often in their Mouths, Well, Mr.

The Character of Dunton, I'm glad to see you well, a Summer-Friend.

and shou'd mightily rejoice if your

Mother wou'd lend you 500 l. or

your Sister B—— could pay you, that you might discharge your Debts, and be as happy as formerly; when

these Shadows of Friends wou'd not step over the

Threshold to do me a Kindness—— So that except I'd

put my self in the Gazette, or stand at the Exchange,

like an Irish Man, with my Breaches full of Petitions,

delivering 'em like Doctor's Bills, so all to see, I shall

get nothing; nor scarce so neither; for now my Purse is

empty.

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empty, no Body knows me; (neither Brothers, Sisters, Uncles, Nunts, Cousins, &c.) (a) The surest Friend I have found in my Retirement, and since I have abdicated the World and Business, is an Embroider'd Waistcoat, presented me by Mrs. Ann Godfrey; it has stuck to me for Twenty Years, and I cou'd almost grow superstitious over the very Ruins of it. I might also mention my DOG (b) METTLE; for like a Winter-Friend, he sticks close to his Master in all Weathers—— He's a DOG of Honour, and teaches Fidelity, Love, and Gratitude to all such as slight their Friends in Distress—— Well might Job say, Ask now the Beasts, and they shall teach thee—— There Job 12. 7. is such true Love and Gratitude in some Brutes, (but more especially in the English Spaniel) that my Summer-Friends (the greater Brutes of the two) are meer Strangers to—— But tho' there is Friendship in Dogs and Waistcoats, there is none in Men; or at least, none in that waspish Creditor that (like S—— and C——) had so little Honour and Friendship, as to ATTACH (I mean Insult) Dunton, in his Life and Errors; and that only for giving him a good Character, (meaning thereby, that I had said too little in his Commendation)—— This is the only Fool I have of a Creditor; but 'tis not his want of Manners or Patience that does discharge my Debt; and therefore I say to this Sneaking Coxcomb, as I do to my Generous Creditors—— Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. (Luke 10. 12.) But oblige an ungrateful Block-head (as I did C—— in Forty Instances) and and he'll be your Enemy the first Opportunity, Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he'll cut your Throat. How

(a) Dr. R—— Mr. Larkin.—— Sister S——y,—— Aunt M—— at —— and Cousin Nath. Reading, only excepted.

(b) Mettle is the Name of a Spaniel that was presented to me January the 27th 1705, by my worthy and constant Friend, Mr. George Larkin.

ever

ever. I hope to make such good use of this *Fellow's Ingratitude*, as may turn more to my Advantage than all the Services of my *Tried Friends*; for *ungrateful Men* are the only Persons can make me to abhor in my self what I see so odious in them: For to reflect upon my *own Ingratitude to God*; how humble and modest shou'd it make me in *exalting Gratitude to my self*, a poor *sinful Mortal*, who never think how much I am indebted to God's Favour and Goodness, for all the Means he gives me of helping others. And I ought to esteem the Services I did my *Summer-Friends* as Special Blessings Heaven bestow'd upon me; nor can their want of Acknowledgment do me the least Injury: For, if I look into my self, to see with what Mind I serv'd 'em, and find I had no *Worldly Respects* in it, but was carry'd to it by a *Charitable Sense of their Wants*, and Respect to my Duty, they then by their *Ingratitude* turn me over to God for my *Reward*; and how much better is that, than the best of their Acknowledgments? Or if my sole Aim was to *tye 'em to me*, that they might repay me in the same Coin, how well do I deserve to lose so *vain a Reward*? Or suppose 'twas a *Fawning and pretended Affection* that deluded me (*A Misfortune Men of my Credulous Temper are most liable to*) I have amends made me, by their shewing me that the World is fill'd with *False Appearances*, and that 'tis a Folly to rely on *Humane Comforts*; for *change of Fortune, changes Friends*, for the most part. All I have to regret is, that my *Pains and Cost* shou'd be so far lost, as that the *Kindness I intended*, shou'd be turn'd to an *Injury*, by making 'em guilty of so *Black a Crime* as every one calls *Ingratitude*.

But however I am treated now by *Ungrateful Persons* (or *Summer-Friends*, for they are *Synonymous Terms*) I have all imaginable Reason to be thankful to the Goodness and Care of Providence, I had my length of *Prosperity* as well as other Men; nor am I yet such a *Forlorn Hope*, but my *Sun* may rise again, and chase those *Shadows* in which I am now a *Wanderer*. And I have

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have always entertain'd a very grateful Sense of the Goodness of Almighty God, that Providence smil'd on me so long as dear (a) *Iris* liv'd; and indeed ever since, my Life has been no more than a *WAKING DREAM*: (or rather a *Living Death*.) And for that Reason I call this Letter *The Living Elegy*; for all such as are poor or unfortunate (tho' alive and well) are *Dead to their Rich Friends*. Whilst I liv'd in *Ireland*, my Friend Mr. *Larkin* brought me acquainted with a Gentleman, who in his perfect Health, sent for the Sexton to Ring his *Bell*; being ask'd the Reason, he reply'd, *Because he was dead*; that is, (said he) in a Civil Sense, *I am dead*, (tho' I walk about) for my Money is gone, and I were as good be out of the World. This Gentleman that thought he was as good as dead when his Money was gone, might have some Cause to think himself *Really Dead*, tho' he walk'd about, perceiving the Fear every ones Countenance discover'd at the Sight of him.—Those also that grudge themselves the Conveniences of Life, may be said to be *DEAD* (whilst they are yet *Breathing*) as much as the 'foresaid Gentleman; for the one is starv'd for the want of Money, and the other is starv'd with his Abundance; and in this Sense, each Miser is *Dead*: Like a Dog in a Wheel, he toils to roast Meat for others eating, and therefore is a fit Subject for a *Living Elegy*: So that you see, Gentlemen, 'tis a clear Case: If I have a great deal of Money and no Heart to use it, I'm dead, (and buried in my useless Heaps) Or, if I want Money (to pay my Debts) I'm Dead to my Summer-Friends; which is my Case: And as I'm Civilly dead, A *Living Elegy* is the fittest Title for this Letter: But when an Enlarged Fortune shall make me alive again to my *Quondam Friends*, (that is, when I can breathe so much as to tell the World I'm out of Debt) I shall then come into Being again: Which is such a Word of Comfort to all my Creditors, as will (till I close my Eyes on this vain World) further

(a) My first Wife.

prove this Letter *The Living Elegy*: So that my want of Money (in the Opinion of Fools and Knaves) hath chang'd my *Now Living Body* into a *Dead Carcase*. But if I can grow Rich, my *Summer-Friends* (like *Timon's Admirers*) will think me *alive* again, and be as sweet upon me as heretofore; and if I en't partial to my great Losses, I have as much Reason to expect this *Resurrection from Civil Death* [or *New Life of Credit*] as any Debtor whatever: For, Gentlemen, I do assure you, I am not more forward to ask *compassion* to my own Misfortunes, than I have been ready and willing to shew it to others in the same Circumstance (of which *Rineaux of Canterbury*, *R———d of St. Omers*, and *M———ry of Cornhil*, are Three late Instances) but till that *Enlargement* happens, the *BEST*, (I might add the *ONLY*) Friends I have in the World, are my *VERY CREDITORS*, who have known my Life and Dealings for Twenty Years. But, tho' Gentlemen, by Trading with such as you, I have fallen into *Generous Hands*, yet it must be confest that *Debtors* are commonly the most abject Creatures in the World; and there be very few Traders (*your selves excepted*) while they pity and relieve 'em, but at the same Time have a great deal of Contempt for them; so little Reflection is made upon the wise disposal of Providence, which has made us all *Debtors*, not having the least Right to the poorest Blessing upon Earth: (for what was given at our Creation, was forfeited by Rebellion) So that every Thing lives under a Necessity of owing something; for to God we owe all we have and are. And this *Debt* I can never pay—— But as to your selves, Gentlemen, (were my Name but cross'd in your Books) I'd owe you, nor no Man, any thing else but Love, (*Rom. 13. 8.*)

As to the Moneys I owe you, 'tis more than I can pay at present, but I don't owe more than I am willing and able to pay; and therefore (*as no Man will lose a Farthing by me*) I presume, I have still a Title to your good

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good Opinion. "Indeed, all Men under a Cloud, are
call'd Knaves and Maggots; but tis a Word I will
never digest, and by the Grace of God, I will never dig-
serve it: Yet I can't deny but most Men will not only
their Learning to their Plenty, but likewise their Virtue
and their Honesty. For, how many Thousands are there
in the World, in great Reputation for their Honesty and
Just Dealings with Mankind, who if they were put to
their shifts, (as others, as honestly inclin'd are) would
soon lose their Reputation, and be as I think thought of, as
they now think of such as are Poor and Insolvent. My
And for that Reason, I have ever had a great Aversion
to be in Debt, in Small as well as in Greater
Matters: I suppose (Gentlemen) most of you will own
this, when you call to mind my Evening with you (and
all the World) every six Months. 'Twas this made me
FORWARD to trust me for Twenty Years: And
Time I Traded in Publick (b) and as ready to Com-
mune that Melancholy Circumstance, some People's
Unnatural Avarice had laid me under. You
consider'd when I ceas'd to be less Punctual than former-
ly, that 'twas owing to my Great Losses, and not to any
Neglects or Injustice. For this Reason, (like Generous
Creditors) my Misfortunes did but excite and enlarge
your Friendships: for you have been as willing to trust
me since I was Intemperate, (and out of your Reach) as
you were when the World smil'd. So that the sad
I am still Indebted, is chiefly owing to the Trust you
gave me since D—y (and my Sumner Friends) treated
me like a Bankrupt.

Gentlemen, how far I have deserv'd your good Op-
inion, will appear by that Full Payment of hope to
make you in a Few Months: I confess I have just
finish'd a Merry Paradise, proving No Man is
Honest, but he that is Right. Say this is only a
Parade.

(a) See the History of my Life. No. 1. p. 100.

(b) viz. In Princes Street. The Poultry.

And Jewen Street. (c) Of which more in Principle.

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Paradox to divert that Melancholy I groan under, for being so long your Debtor; for I'll make it appear that you are not deceiv'd in *DUNTON*, but that he is and will (always) be as honest as you can desire.

Gentlemen, Whatever my Losses in Trade were, I still took effectual Care they shou'd be none of yours, (sparing the waitings for your just Debts a little longer than usual) And to convince you of this, I shall now (as a Word of Comfort after long waiting) tell you the *V.E.R.Y* *DATE*, when I shall pay you all to a Farthing. 'Tis true, (as I said before) I had great Losses in Trade, (many of which have been owing to *M*——— telling me there was 400 Sold of a Book when there was not 60) and have had a much greater Disappointment in the Sale of my Wood; for, on the Account that the Mortgage on my Estate was expir'd, I was forc'd to sell that for 1200 & that (could I have help'd it) shou'd not have gone for Six: But as good as the Bargain was, (my Three Farms being Joyntur'd) had I not surmounted a Hundred Difficulties, been at a great Expence to secure the Title, and besides that, met with a Generous Chapman (the only Good Samaritan, that wou'd part with Money to heal my Wounds) I cou'd not possibly have clear'd so far as I did: But now (the Mortgage being paid off) 200*l.* is all I owe in the World; and cou'd my Sister *B*——— now pay me that 200*l.* (a) I can prove she owes me, I wou'd clear with the whole World before I slept. However, this 200*l.* is a further Argument to convince my Creditors that I shall pay 'em all at the Time I promise; for my Sister *B*——— is a very grateful and just Person, and as I never ask'd her till now for the Money she owes me, (in mere Compassion to her great Loss) so now I expect to be paid in a Few Months out of her *F.A.M.A.I.C.A* Windfalls which will amount to some Hundred Pounds. — But perhaps you'll say, Suppose your Sister shou'd never pay you, what must we do for our Money? —

(a) Or rather more, in Principal and Interest Money. No

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No Gentlemen! No Man shall lose anything by me; for as I have now cleared the Mortgage, to the Full Satisfaction of those concern'd, so I have made Provision (as you'll hear anon) to satisfy those **FEW CREDITORS** that are yet unpaid. But who I don't wholly depend on the Money my Sister owes me; yet 'twas necessary to mention it in this Place, to humble those who forget to own it: (and the voluntary Offer I made of Boarding Gratia, & Fatherless, Brother and Sister) And which is Ten Times **BLA CKER**, to abuse me for it. — But I can't see how the "Misfortunes of a Friend can cancel every Kindness he has done me; Because he's unhappy, therefore I'll be "ungrateful: But the Business lies here, when a Man begins to sink, every Body runs at a distance, that they mayn't be taken within the Compass of the Ruins (a) This was the Case of the Ingenious Suchling, which made him cry,

"*One Thing alone, I vainly would ask,*
"Of all the Powers Above,
"That I were once but out of Debt;
"As I am out of Love."

'Tis the Misfortune of some Men to run in Debt to **MEER UPSTARTS**; (I mean such as are distinguish'd from all others, by their Ingratitude to their old Friends) And the Insults and Contempt they frequently meet with on that Account, are such as no Flesh can bear. — But Sir John was only treated ill, because his Money was spent: But my Summer Friends have quite mistaken my Case, for to return to my Generous Creditors —

Gentlemen, I can now assure you, that the Trust you gave me in Trade, will be but Few Months longer unpaid than the Credit others gave me in Ready Money. 'Tis true, Gentlemen, I can't pay you at the

(a) History of my Life, from P. 104. to P. 112.

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Time I promis'd; for my ~~goods~~ did but just clear the Mortgage and old Arrears for *Physick, Cloaths, and very Subsistence*, yet you may depend upon this, (except I shou'd disappoint you so far as to pay you sooner, than ~~October the 10th~~, 1708, I'll sell the Reversion of *Bottom-Farme*, but I'll clear with the whole World. 'Tis true, Mr. Tooley (an old Creditor) Importun'd me for Work that very Week my Goods were Attach'd, adding this *friendly Expression*, (which I can never forget, as 'twas spoke in my greatest Extremity) "That I was serv'd but right, for going to Printers that did not know me. And Mr. Brudenell was so Kind and Generous, as to tell my Friend Mr. Larkin, that if I'd still employ him, he'd never ask me for a Penny of Money till some *disturbance* happen'd. And another Creditor has been so Noble as to send me word he'd take *Ten Shillings* in the Pound, and give me the Remainder to Trade with: But I scorn to pay, either him or any Man else, less than *Twenty*: For, 'twas ever my Thoughts, that *COMPOSITION* (where it can be avoided) is *Plain Cheating*; or at least, 'twou'd be so in me; for as hastily as the *TWO ATTACHERS* (a) were for their Money (Loo'd on by M— to delay her Accounting with me (b) I'm able to prove (if my Relatives do me Justice) that I shall have *Ten Thousand Pounds* to enjoy (c) after every Penny I owe in the World is paid— Then, how base was

- (a) H— and M—
 (b) M— (One of the Attachers) hinted this to my self and another Person; and with this Addition, "That had he not been put upon Attaching my Goods (by M—) he had never done it. And to shew his Sincerity in this Matter, both he and his Partner in the Attachment, withdrew it at their own Charge; which engag'd me to write a Paradox, proving, To Imprison a Debtor is to set him at Liberty—
 (c) In Possession and Reversion.

M—

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M—— and her Two Scoundrels (a) to call me Dunderhead—— Simploton—— Fractur'd Bookseller—— Whipping Spark (that can't hold it) Bankrupt, Jail-Bird; and to tell the World I was starving, &c.—— when none of my Creditors ever question'd their Money; and are here told to A D A T, when they shall be pay'd every Farthing I owe them——

Had M—— call'd me Spi, or Madman, for trusting such a Hedge-Publisher, perhaps those that did not know me, might have believ'd her; but to call me Bankrupt, Jail-Bird, one that Writes to prevent Starving, is a malicious Falshood. Nay, says another of M——'s Hackneys, (for she hir'd these Fellows to blast my Credit if possible) "Would I hang my self, no Chandler in Town would trust me with a Penny Cord. So that if I'll die in a String, (if you'll, believe a Rake that has more W——s than Pence) I must be hang'd upon meer Charity. And the Wandering Spy (alias W——) is so very hasty to send me to Tyburn, that "He would have it Death for me (b) to Print a Word, "more, till my last Dying Speech and Confession came out "Sign'd by the Ordinary of Newgate—— To this I answer.

I do confess, (for it was Herbert said it)
If Virtue has no Coyn, she has no Credit.

But tho' in the Eye of the World, she want of Money has Wickedness in't, and no Man is Honest but he that is Rich, yet by your Leave Gentlemen, I shall ne'er think the worse of my self for a Spiteful Character. "Tis "easy to dress even an Apostle in a Fool's Coat, and then "laugh at him. "The Great Sherlock can't not pass thro' "the World without a WEASLE nibbling at his Reputation—— So much as the Peaceable F—— had his share in this vile Treatment: For, what a lewd and ridiculous Figure did W—— make of a Fe-

(a) The Moderator and Wandering Spy.

(b) Wandering Spy, Numb. 10.

14 *The Living Elegy: On,*

Dalmon? (a) Yet none are so weak, as to think
S— a W— or F— a R—ge, be-
cause W— said it. His bad Word is a Panegyric.
And the same may be said of M—; for, like a
right Slanderer, She'll Publish that to all, she dares not
own to any: Which is so like W—, that—

But I'll say no more; for without S.H.E. humbles
her self, the World shall see Her, &c. in Danton's
Whipping-Post, with all the Formalities and Respect due
to a Publisher of Lyes and Slander.

Bankrupt! Fail-Bird! &c. Why poor Danton, is thy
own Estate of Four Thousand Pound, (b) and Six
Thousand Pound that is owing to thee from Near Re-
lations, of so little value as to be worth nothing; no, not so
much as a Penny Halter to dangle thy wretched Garkase?

Why Scoundrels! Why M— with what Face can
you Publish such known and Ridiculous Lyes as these:
For, you can't deny my Printers and Stationers knew
the Misfortunes I labour'd under, and as they had the
Product of their own Trust as a Fairing, (so far as I
have yet receiv'd) 'tis both base and sordid to reflect
thus for Present Deficiencies, seeing they'll be made good
to a Tittle: And 'tis yet the baser in these Detractors,
as one of 'em (c) is still in my Debt; and the rest
never saw my Face. But, as Philip said of the Greci-
ans, "If Men slander me without Reason, what would
they do if I shou'd do them hurt? But (added he) they
make me a better Man, for I strive Daily, both in my
Words and Deeds, to prove them Lyes. That I may
imitate Philip in this Excellent Practice, all I shall say
to M— and her Two Hackney [the Moderator
and Wandering Spy] is, what one said of Scandals,
"If I do not deserve (saith he) what is thrown upon me,
my Life will give them the Lye; if I do, it's my Duty
to be Patient and amend— And sure enough, I had
need have Patience to deal with M— For, D—

(a) In the Wandering Spy Novb. 7. (b) In present
Possession and Reversion. (c) viz. M—

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when he Attach'd my Life, and Athenian Oracle, finding he had only Attach'd the Credit that Printers gave me, &c. was ashamed (or I'm sure he might) of what he had done, and withdrew the Attachment of his own Accord; which M—— finding, she contrives that other Attachment mention'd before, and did me all the Private Mischief she cou'd. The Thing is true, (that D——y has Attach'd her Books) but pray say nothing you had it from me, is a Wound can never be cured. 'Tis stabbing a Man behind, and is the worst Sort of Murder, as it leaves no room for Defence. This way of Attaching (or rather stabbing) is so unmanly, that Anibony put those Slanderers to Death which cou'd not prove their Accusations. But M—— never consider'd this, and therefore (to revenge my going to another Publisher) hir'd the Moderator and Wandering Spy, to call me "All the Simple and Poor Fellows in Nature. But tho' M—— and her little Scoundrels, thought me so very low, that they might venture to trample upon me; yet, **UNGENEROUS FOOLS!** I must here tell 'em, (for tread on a Worm and he'll turn again) that my Printers and Stationers are as willing to trust me as ever. I wou'd give many Instances to prove this, were not the *Whipping-Post* (a) (or *Satur upon every Boy*) and a *Diverting Project* I've now in the Press, sufficient to prove, That no Disappointment in Trade can lessen my Credit with such as know me; and as for others (I mean such that speak Ill of a Man that they can't prove) "Their good Word is a Scandal. And for all such, I as little want their Trust as they need my Friendship: For, as *Fractur'd and Starving* as M—— wou'd now make me; till I had Great Losses, I cou'd Dun'd the Printers to take their Money, and shall do it again in a little Time. Then, en't it *Rare Gratitude* in M——, who tells me in several Letters, "That I was the only Friend in the World that had stood by her" to hire a Crew of Hack-

(a) To be Published in Parts.

neys (the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*) to slander me at this Rate: But if I hear any more of Her, (except it be to pay me for the 600 Books she convey'd away) the World shall know, I shall be able to shew my Head as long as M—— and her Lousy Authors will be able to shew their Ears—— Ears! Have they any left? — For the *Wandering Spy*, was Sentenc'd in the Old Bailey, for a *Fabulous, Obscene, Scandalous Writer*: (or rather Beast in the shape of a Man) Whatever you say, he will draw to Bawdry. He makes *Christenings*, and sometimes *Funerals*, speak it. He ne'er sees a Woman but he Lusts after her, strips Her Naked, and enjoys Her freight in Imagination. Every thing with him is Incentive unto Lust; and every Woman, Devil enough to tempt him so. Silk Gowns and Red Petticoats are all alike to him, he playing at Women, just as he does at Cards, while every Suit, in their Turns, is turn'd up Trump. Whence he has (as 'tis thought) more Diseases than an *Hospital*, of which he lyes in every Spring and Fall. His very Publisher was a Midwife, his *SPT* is a Pimp, and his Wit is never so Quick as here: The *Dox* only converts him, and that only when it kills him. Joan's as good as my Lady. And since W—— (the suppos'd Author of the *Wandering Spy*) can't Feast on other Men's Goods, he is resolv'd to enjoy their Wives. His Whore in *Little Britain* belieg'd his Door with a Child from Sunday Noon to Sunday Night; but came too late for Admittance, his other Strumpet having been there with a Bastard before her. (a) His Word is, *A merry Life and a short*. I know not how merry 'tis, but I'm sure 'tis short enough, he consuming just like a Candle at both Ends, betwixt Wine and Women; without which (in spite of his *Fabulous Morals*) he holds there is no Pleasure in this World: And for the other, he wou'd fain be an *Ascetic*, and believe there is none at all, whilst his

(a) For a further Account of this, I refer the Reader to his own Confession, or rather to *Percegrine's Mass*.

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Manners and Ignorance supply his want of Faith; for he lives like One, and knows no Soul he has: For, he can't but own, he repents more the omitting an evil Action (but more especially Whoredome and Drunkenness) than any Saint wou'd the committing it—— This is the Lewd and Scandalous Life of the Wandering (or rather Earless) Spy; and I judge his Death won't be much better, for Atheism is ever the Refuge of such Sinners as W——, whose Repentance will be only to hang himself; for a Deliberate Hanging at Tyburn (the Death he'd prefer me to) is too great an Honour for such a Libertine: For he makes a Jest of Repentance and Modesty, and is an Artificial Fool (or Jack-Pudding) that gets his Living by making others and himself Ridiculous. In a Word, He is the Rich Man's Amick, and the Devil's Factor, that by a strange fable of Invisibilty, sends Men Laughing to Hell. And all this (with Lewder Things that I hear of him) is the true Character of the Wandering Spy. EARS!

(can such a Letcher as this have EARS?) 'Tis to affront all the Women he ever met, to say he has either EARS, NOSE, or so much as Genitals.

As to the Moderator, he is rather worse than the Former; for, being a Designing Hypocrite, (and meer Hackney Author) there is no Hopes of his Repentance, or Amendment; whereas, the Wandering Spy owning himself a RAKE, may with the Prodigal return at last: But there is no Hopes of the Moderator, for all his Papers are so Abusive, Dull, and Foolish, They can be writ for no other End, but to get a Penny, and distract the Kingdom. This Fellow is a Cunning Archer, that looking to the Publick Service, as the Mark he aims at, yet squints aside at his own Ends, (viz. Bread to keep him from starving) which is the True BUTT all his Moderators are shot at. He fights with a Tacking Gun, (a) [alias B——]

(a) There is a Latent Meaning in these Words, which the World shall know, if there be Occasion.

and yet has the Impudence to tell the World, his *Moderator* is Publish'd for promoting us Peace, and Reconciling of Differences between Parties. St. Jerome tells us, there was a Woman that to every Body appear'd a Beast, to *Hilarius* only a Woman. The same may be safely asserted of this Weathercock, [the *Moderator*] He seems to all Men a Blockhead, a Parasit, a Beauiseau, a Scoundrel; to himself only he seems a Moderator, the only Wise-Man, and Reconciler of Differences: But he seems so to no Body else. For, as *Tutchin* (a) observes, "Let the Moderator look to his Title, and see whether his Paper answers it; and whilst he reflects on others for unmannerly Language, let him consider whether his Readers mayn't say Clodius accusat Mœchos, and what Difference there is betwixt the Words MODERATE and Exasperate—— The Moderator (so falsely call'd) is the unfittest Changeling that ever was, to Reconcile Parties: For, being neither Hot nor Cold, but Lukewarm, (for that's all the Moderation we find in his dull Papers) he is detestable both to God and Man. In *Moderator* Numb. 1. he tells us, "Here are Scandalous Clubs (b) to expose Citizen's Vices, and teach the Government what to do—— And here is a Scandalous Observer, that cooks up his Puns, and Dishes out his Malitious Bombast, to render the High-Church Ridiculous—— But consult him in other Papers, and you'll find Mr. *Foe* Much in his Favour, and the Observer a Useful Paper. The Moderator is a meer Polypus, always of the same Colour of the Side he meets with; for he varies his Shape and Religion as often as his Company. In short, the Moderator is a meer every Thing; and if he have two EARS, (which I much question) honest Men have been depriv'd of theirs. His Religion is yet to chuse; what he shall be, he knows not, nor what he is; for he tells us (c) "He writes for no Denomination of People in particular. Yet I hold him an INDEPENDENT: For,

(a) Observer Vol. 4. Numb. 28. (b) Meaning Mr. *Foe's* Reviews. (c) Moderator Numb. 1.

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whilst he sides with all Religions, he'll be sure to *rene* like a Pair of Compasses, the one End of him stand^s fast, whilst with the other of his Speeches he walk^s the Round of every prevailing Faction. No Man pretends more to Religion, and the Publick Good, than the Moderator; and yet no Man intends it less: (and well may he in *shew* advance that which keeps his Grinders a going) Like that Notorious *Pick-Pocket*, that whilst (according to the Custom) every one held up their Hands at *Rehearsing the Creed*, he by a Device, had a False Hand, which he held up like the rest, whilst his True Hand was false in other Mens Pockets — In a Word, the Moderator is a very *BLANK*, wherein you may write any thing that will make for his Profit: (with the *Hebgehog*) he turns his DEN which way soever the Wind of Prosperity blows — To Sum up his Character (in Three Words) he's — *A MERCENARY SCOUNDREL*. And for that Reason proposes "To have all Papers, but his own, suppress'd; but as a Judgment upon him, (for telling so many Lyes of their kind Reception) his own Papers have led the way: So that all the Honour the Moderator has, (after Publishing Thirty Numbers) is now to wipe —

EARS! Can such an *Ambo-dexter* — *Parasit* — Scoundrel, — Nothing at all, &c. have *EARS*? — No! — 'Tis to call in Question the Understanding of Men of Learning and Temper, to say he has had either *EARS* or Credit, ever since he disgrac'd that Excellent Virtue of Moderation, in pretending to write for it.

Thus have I given a brief (but true) Character of those *Carless Fellows*, (if they had their Due) the Moderator and Wandering Spy, that (to oblige *M* —) said all they cou'd to blast my Credit with *Printers* and *Stationers*.

I come next to the *WHIPSTER*, (*Drunken Aleto*) who stole my Title of *Whipping-Post*, and then spits, and froaths, and drivels as much *Nonsense*, *Malice* and *Vanity* at me, as *Tom S* — would pay him for. This *SOT* of an Author is a Compound of all that's

Idle, Dull, and Abusive in the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*, with this Addition, That P——s is the **Greater Scot** — In order to his Preferment, P——s Friends sent him to *Oxford*, where he *eat, and drank, and slept*, plaid a Match or two at Foot-ball, (perhaps) stole a Pig, ran away from the *Proctor*, and study'd Three or Four Years to as much purpose as was his stealing my *Whipping Title*; or if they did not steal my Title, let 'em clear themselves by an *Affidavit*, and then I'll fairly own there's no **Thiebing**, but only *Good Wits Jump in the Case*: But without this, let the World judge how basely they have way-laid me; as it 'twas entail'd upon S——s Family, to steal both Titles and Projects from *John Dunion*, for this Bulky *Whipster* is Son to that very S——s who undermin'd my *Question-Project*, 'till he lost about Twenty Pound, and then flung up his *Lacedemonian Mercury*, (as his Son has done the *Whipping-Post*) as the Just Reward of an *Interloper*. So that (if I en't mistaken) here is **TRIM TRAM**; or whatever the Master is, sure I am the **Rake**, or **Tool** he employs, is both **SOY** and **Coxcomb**. His Head is like an *Irish Bog*, a *Spungy Quagmire*, his Brains are in a perpetual **Souce-Tub**, the **Pickle** (since he stole my Title) is only chang'd from Ale to Wine. This profound Soaker (*alias WHIPSTER*) is one of the common Scorns of all Civil People, as carrying about him all the Signs and Tokens of a *Shameless Scot* — His **EYES** are ready to tumble out of his Head — His **Bacon-Complexion** is Greasy, and like the Jelly of Veal, and his Breath and Belchings are strong enough to cause an Infection — And as the **BEAST** hath on him the Drunkard's Mark, so he hath their Rewards, *Shame and Poverty* — This **Parboil'd Bat** (had his Interloping succeeded) had been accounted a *Rabbin* with *Tom S——*; but to every Body else, his besotted Countenance betrays and discovers his Ignorant, Dull, Stupid Soul — This *Drunken Whipster* (if you dare take his Word for't) studies only at the Tavern, in Company with *Rakes and Scoundrels*:

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drels : For, in his [*Miscellanies over Claret*] he tells his Readers " But as *Motteux* desir'd his Letters (after " Postage paid) to be sent to the Coffee-House, so we have " Two or Three among us such exceeing Drunkards as to " submit to no Place but the Tavern: At present our " Office is kept at the Rose-Tavern without Temple-bar; " which may be as well call'd an Office of Credit as the " Land-Bank, for we pay our Reckonings after the same " manner Dr. Ch——n does his Salaries, that is, not " at all. But no matter, our Landlord is an 'Honest Man, " (that he is) tho' I believe he'll soon be weary of his Poets, " for we have just now chalk'd up a Crown with him——

These are his own Words, in the Preface to his [*Miscellanies over Claret*] by which he insinuates, " He that drinks well, sleeps well; and he that sleeps well, " thinks no harm. The Falshood of which may be soon confuted, because he STAGGERS in the Argument; and which is yet worse, he glories in his Drunkenness, for to convince the World he's a Shameless Sot, In his DEDICATION to the 'foresaid Book, he tells his Patron (a) " My Lord, We are Four or Five, some say Honest, " others Foolish, but all say Drunken Fellows, now drink- " ing your Lordship's Health at the Tavern; and our Poeti- " cal Inclinations are all attended with Poetical Pockets. " Some of us have Six Pence and Eight Farthings, some " neither Eight Farthings, nor a Six Pence; so that " the chiefest of our Dependance is upon the Strength of " this Dedication. And since the Majority of us are too " dirty for your Levee, we have pick'd out the Nicest " Spark of us all, to make this Present by. He is our " Plenipotentiary, and we give full Power to receive, " &c. any thing your Lordship shall order towards the Con- " tinuance of your Lordship's Health. Your Lordship may " guess by him, what a Figure the rest make, for he's the " very Quintessence of Gensility among us all—— But " the Rogus of a Drawer will bring up the Reckoning, " unless we call for more Wine; therefore, to avert that

(a) The Earl of D——

Judgment,

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(a) The Earl of D——

Judgment,

"Judgment, we beg Leave (tho' abruptly) to Subscribe——

"My Lord——Your Lordships most Dutiful and Obedient

"Servants, &c.——Thus (Gentlemen) you see that P——s (my Whipping Enemy) is a Drunken ~~Shot~~ by his own Confession; and for that Reason, (if he have any EARS) the Pillory or Stocks is the most likely Place to find 'em. And that he might want no Accomplishment necessary for a TOWN RAKE, he is as great a Sharper as he is a Drunkard: For, "He'll offer a Dinner, or Bottle of Claret, out of his Joy "to see you; and in Requital of this Curtesy, you can do "no less than pay for it. So that no Man puts his Brains to more use than P——s, for his Life is a Daily Invention, (for Punch and Claret) and each Meal a new Stratagem. And I suppose no Man will question this, that reads his Drunken Letter to Dr. Read, which was Sign'd with his own Hand, and was to this Effect.——

"That he got drunk the Night before, at the Rummer-Tavern at Charing-Cross, that he was Benighted, and "forc'd to lye at the Star Inn, where he was dip'd over "Head and Ears for 3s. 6d. and had no Friend, &c.——(a)

By means of such Drunken Adventures (as are here concess'd) P——s often wants a Surgeon to Plaster his Countenance; and is as often in danger of Drowning, except when he rides at Anchor in Newgate, (where we find him often) the Round-house, or Bridewell——But it appears by his Letter to Dr. Read, that his most usual Rest and Repose is upon Benches, and Chairs, in Petty Inns and Tap-Houses, unless he chance to creep under some Cart, and get a Pile of Faggots to shelter him——Now (Gentlemen) I leave you to judge who is——the greatest Maggot,——or Lunasick——(the Epithets this Whipster gives me) Dunton, or P——s——For, as to the First, he can't do me a greater Honour than to call me Maggot; for if a Man must be call'd a Maggot, for starting Thoughts that are wholly New, then farewell Invention. (Even Philosophy it self had never been improv'd had it not been for New Opinions.) (b)

(a) *Observer*, Vol. IV. Numb. 38.

(b) See the Preface to my *Life and Errors*.

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And as to his Charge of *LUNACY*, if *New Projects* to pay my *Debts*, and to act justly, be a Sign I have *lost my Senses*, I desire to be so accounted: Tho' it must be own'd, the Loss of one's Reason and one's Liberty at once, wou'd break a Body; and a *Statute of Bankrupt* might be awarded against me by the *Great Governor* of the Intellectual World, who has given me Credit for my Faculties, when he's like to lose both Principal and Interest. But whatever *Dunton* is, (who has had enough to *Distract* a stronger Brain than his) sure I am that Man is absolutely *M A D*, (or worse) than like *P——s*, instead of *Quenching his Thirst*, drowns his Soul—— How many *Brute Beasts* will rise up in Judgment against *P——s*, who make the *Sufficiency of Nature* their Standard, in Eating and Drinking—— Then en't this a special Fellow to *WHIP* the Age into Sobriety? But let him remember the *Story of Dives*; there is no Tippling in Hell—— But he's a *Hard-ned Sot*, and there is no Hopes of his Reformation: For, he was Famous even in *Oxford*, by the Name of *Drunken P——s*; but the *Sot* (his Brains a little settled) had the Luck to reel out of *Oxford* to *London*, and from thence, in pursuit of *Adventures*, to *S——* in *Little Britain*, there to steal other Men's Projects, and to guzzle (had their *WHIPPING* succeeded) as deeply in the Juice of the Grape as he had (whilst he liv'd at *Oxford*) swill'd himself in that of good Ale. But tho' *Oxford* has Spew'd him out, yet he has taken all his Degrees in the School of *Bacchus*; and is now accounted a *Finish'd Toper*, a *Living Conduit*, a *Drunken Rake*, a *Sot* all over—— Gentlemen, this is the *Interloper* that wou'd whip the Age into good Manners! But I have given but a Taste of his *Drunken Practices*, shou'd I mention all, I shou'd never have done—— I might proceed to his other Crimes (which are yet *Blacker*)—— As his *Swearing*—— *Prophaning the Sabbath*—— *Jesting with Sacred Things*, &c.

And here (*Gentlemen*) I shou'd tell you that his *Oaths* are all his *Prayers*: (he never but in them remembering

membering God) He crys the Church is in danger, but 'tis thought (as is usual with such *Atheists*) he never sees the Church, but on purpose to sleep in it, or when some *Enemy to the Church* Preaches, (as he calls a Pious and Moderate Clergy-man) with whom he means to make *SPORT* in his next *Whipping-Post*. He comes to Sermons, not to learn, but to catch; and if there be but one *Solecism*, that's all he carries away. In a Word, he laughs at Heaven, and sports with Hell; and (being an Incorrigible Sor) 'tis thought he has Committed the Unpardonable Sin. I have many Reasons for this Censure; but I han't Patience, and my Ink is too clean for a further Description: However, as 't has some Reference to his *Reeling Vice*, (by which he is most known) I must (at parting) commend his Excellent Skill in a *Silver Tankard*, which I resolve to clank at *Dunton's Whipping-Post*, if he DARE answer the Character I have here given him: But I'm now satisfy'd for the Wrongs he (and his *Master*) did me, and shall say no more (either of *Tom S* ——— or his *Whipping Tool*) 'till I'm further provok'd; and I'm sure then I shall have good Authority to discover the *Hasty Amour*, and to lash *P* ———s where'er I find him. For, *P* ———s whilst he is waking and drunk, (and when is he otherwise?) Himself purges all *Secrets*: Lest I therefore in keeping him awake longer, should err in the same kind, I have (by dropping the *Tankard*) now cast him into a *Deep Sleep*; but if he ben't *DEAD DRUNK*, we shall find him alive (and like other *Topers*) as dry as a *LEACH* when he's wak'd at the *Cart's Arse* ——— *EARS!* Can such a mercenary shameless *Toper* as this, have Ears? 'Tis to *WHIP* all the *Beadles of Bridewell*, to say he had either Ears, or a *Sound Back*, ever since he trick'd *Dr. Read* of 3s. 6d. Reel'd to the *Star-Inn*, &c. abus'd *Dr. Willis* for his *Healing Sermon* before the *QUEEN*, and stole my Title of *WHIPPING POST*.

My last undeserv'd and Publick Enemy (and consequently, the last I shall lash in Publick) is *L* ———

(the

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(the Tackling Author of that Scandalous Paper called *The Rehearsal*)—— this *Hackney* Writer has more Wit and Learning than either *The Moderator*, *Wandering Spy*, or *Drunken Whipster*, and therefore I wou'd LASH him more (severely) than I do those Empty Blockheads, did not his Reverend Gown protect him. This scribbling Levite hath flung a great deal of Dirt at me and the Present Government: And for that Reason (*his Hands and Soul are so foul and black*) I'll not Stain my Paper with answering of him: However, I'll draw his Picture, that my Porter (the fittest Man to correct him) may find him out. And Honest Friend, come hither and mind my Directions; "Tho' I'd have you down with his Breeches, and LASH him 'till he owns a Perkin a Sham, and his Looing the Tackers at me, (a) a Jacobite Trick; yet don't kick him, as you may the *Moderator*, *Spy*, *Whipster*, &c. for the sake of his GOWN; and that's all the Respect you need shew him on my Account.

But to come to his Character, what I shall say of him will chiefly respect 1. *His Scholarship*—— 2. *His Behaviour towards Dissenters*—— 3. *His Religion*—— And 4. *His Loyalty*——

As to his *Scholarship*, he shou'd be Learn'd, for he is always in Controversies about the Government—— His REHEARSAL is a meer Horse-Fly, ingendred of the Corruption of a Kingdom, when too much Peace and Learning hath set men a Quarrelling—— His Sophistry lyes in telling the World that some sort of Government must necessarily be *Jure Divino*—— One wou'd think he had had a Kiss of his Holiness's Slipper, (as the first Step to the Popedome) for he'd be thought Infallible, in what he says of the *Primo-Geniture*; (b) and disputes Liberty and Property out of the World—— He's a CRITICK in Royal Titles, and can prove

(a) See his Weekly Lampoon call'd *The Rehearsal*, Numb. 21. and my Satyr upon the Tackers, P. 15.

(b) *Rehearsal* Numb. 57.

(if you dare believe him) "that one *Man* is mark'd by
 "God above another, ——— that *Kings* come Booted and
 "Spurr'd into the World, and may (*Jure Divino*) ride and
 "Tyrannize over their Subjects, &c. But 'tis Treason to
 follow him here; for *FOE* has prov'd that *L*——y's
 Project of *Divine Right* is no other than "A de-
 "nying and invalidating the *QUEEN's* Title, a super-
 "seding all Parliamentary Authority, and the introducing a
 "Tyrannick and arbitrary Power in its full Exercise——
 So that whatever Skill he has in the Sciences, 'tis plain,
 he's **MASTER IN THE ART OF BULLY-**
ING (a) and **Tyranny**; and if ever Young *Perkin*
 return, he'll prove *Persecution* a Royal Virtue.

So much for his *Tyrannick and Jesuitical Knowledge*——
 I come next to his *GOWN*, and here I must tell
 the World, he took his *DEGREES* in *Dublin*, and
 had (what he never deserv'd) *Episcopal Ordination*: Yet
 I can't call him a *Clergy-man*, for he (sometimes) wears
 a Grey Coat and Sword, instead of a *GOWN* and
CASSOCK: But whether he embrace the Title
 of *Doctor* or *Captain*, whether he use the Martial, or
 Spiritual Sword, I won't determine; yet this I'm sure
 he has *IMPUDENCE* (I shou'd say *Courage*)
 enough to hang or burn all the *CUCKOES* (b) (for
 so he calls the *Whigs*) in the *Three Kingdoms*——
 He thinks *Foe's Shortest Way with the Dissenters* might
 (justly) be made yet a little shorter: Or, if any one doubt
 this, let 'em read his *Spiteful Remarks* upon that Book.

And this leads me (having done with his Scholarship)
 to the Second Head I promis'd to treat of, viz.——
His Behaviour towards Dissenters—— And here I shall
 prove, he cares not how maliciously he spits at and
 abuses the Loyal Dissenters, witness his *LOOK* (c)
 into Mr. *Burge's* Meeting, and hunching the moving
 Stars—— He'll rail at the *Plainest Truths*, if a *Dissen-*

(a) See his *Rehearsal upon that Subject*, Numb. 21.

(b) See his *Rehearsal*, Numb. 50.

(c) In his *Rehearsal*, Numb. 18

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er speak or write them—— Read his Answers to
Foe, or Tutchin, or what he says of *The Oxford Weather-
Cock*—— *Saliers-Hall*—— And of the Dissenters keep-
ing the 30th of January, &c. and you'll find Lying and
Slandering his **MASTER SIN**—— How many
false Stories did he tell about the Affair of Sandwich, and
Tutchin's Tryals, &c? —— He is not inferiour to a
Woman in Malice, for she is that way limited, tho'
determinable, but he transcends; accounting it his
POMP to be infinitely abusive, if the Subject be a
DISSENTER—— Dissenters! He thinks 'em
Phanaticks, and had rather be a Rebel than a Con-
scientious Whigg.

In Brief, *L*——y is an absolute Bigot, (or which
is worle, a Tacker) and having lost all Moderation and Can-
dour himself, is loth to find it in another—— But
Curst Cows have but short Horns; for this Bigot's Reli-
gion consists much in venting his Malice against
that People and Truth he never well understood——

Cou'd he have his Will (to ute one of his witty
Sayings) he wou'd Massacre all the Dissenters and Low-
Church-men "By way of Moderation; but who can
blame him? For, he tells you "*The Dissenters attack
the Creed*; (a) (I suppose his **Sword** was on, and
he was willing the World should see he cou'd banter
Religion in **Terms of War**) "*that Popery is at the
Bottom, and that the Dissenters are the Cats-Foot, &c.*
But he that is so well acquainted with the Religion
of other Men, (I doubt) can give no certain Account
of his own; for he puts his Foot into **Perkinism** in
France, into the Faction in Scotland, (b) into **Tackism** in
England, tenderly as a Cat in the Water, and pulls it
out again; and still something unanswer'd delays him,
yet he bears away some Parcel of each, and you may
sooner pick all Religions out of him, than **ONE**——
And this leads me to consider his Piety.

(a) Rehearsal Numb. 32.

(b) See his Rehearsal Numb. 26

For his Religion (if he have any) it is altogether for Liberty of Conscience; but whilst he keeps loose his own, he stickles hard for an *Occasional Bill* to blind other Mens—— He wou'd make a bad MARTYR, and a good TRAVELLER, for his Conscience is so large, he cou'd never wander out of it; and in *Amsterdam* (as much as he haits Dissenters) cou'd pass for a stiff Independent: For, Things that are Furious, never last; and he that's a Bigotted Church-man to Day, wou'd (shou'd the Wind of Government turn) be as much a Dissenter to Morrow. (a) "By which it appears 'tis the
"Moderate Man credits Religion, and that the Way to
"Heaven lies between all Extreame—— (b)

This is the Arch (or Spiritual) Guide to the Lay-Tackers——He talks HIGH for the Church, &c. but cou'd like the Grey Hairs of Popery, did not some Dotages there stagger him—— In our Differences with Rome, he is strangely unfix'd, for he wants to see which Side will be uppermost, yet wou'd be a Papist, Jew, Turk, &c. or any thing, rather than a Presbyterian.

(a) See my *New Practice of Piety*, P. 53.

(b) As much as L——y has banter'd the Word Moderation, Moderation is the Ballast of the Soul, which keeps it upright. By Moderation I don't mean a Lukewarmness in Religion, but the subduing our (Irregular) Passions. This made Dr. Fuller say "Once in an Age
"the Moderate Man is in Fashion, each Extreame Courts
"him to make them Friends. The Moderate Man is neither of an hot, fiery, nor of a Key-cold Temper, but of a Moderate, between those Two Extreame, which is the Healthfullest (the only Reconciler) and will be the longest Liv'd. In a Word, MODERATION is a Princely Virtue, and is often recommended by Queen ANNE: But as Neutrality gains much by having Moderation for its Vizard, so Moderation suffers more by having Neutrality for its Neighbour; yet may they be easily discern'd, for Neutrality hath only its own Ends for its Aim, but Moderation looks only at the Truth——

Yet

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 29

Yet (which is a Great Paradox) He has not any Design of Religion in what he writes against the Dissenters; for he cares not (as Tutchin proves (a)) "whether the Directory be in Scotland, the Mass-Book in England, or the Alcoran in Ireland: His Business is to create Feuds and Animosities, to clear the way for his Little Master at St. Germain's — And for this Reason he always sides with the Teachers, and is more Furious against Protestant Dissenters than he is against Papists or Libertines — He'd come wholly over to the Church of Rome, did not the Scandalous Name of TURN-COAT affright him: So that his Religion is Tyranny and Popery, and he's a Jesuite or nothing. If he commends Moderation, 'tis to banter the Government; and his pretending to be a Protestant is a Greater Scurr upon the Church of England than he is able to write — Or if he be a Protestant, 'tis a fiery one, for Peace and Union are Two Words that fright him; neither will he hearken to Moderation (for he thinks it a Canting Word) 'till he lacks his EARS, if he han't lost them already for REHEARSING Treason, and Festing with Sacred Things —

L — y (after all his Noise of the Church's Danger) is a MONSTER in Religion, having not the right Mark and Shape of a Christian. He's Deficient in what he ought to do, and Redundant in what he ought not; and is a meer Heteroclite in Divinity. Religion, that shou'd be a Matter of Practice, L — y has made a Business of Controversy: The ITCH of Disputing is grown to such a SCAB in the Church, (by means of this Weekly Wrangler) that 'twill hardly be cured without some such Winstone as fell upon Sodom and Gomorrah — He rails against Moderation as an Empty Thing, a study'd Cheat, Occasional Conformity as an Artifice to subvert the Church; and (as if Persecution were the Air he breath'd in) he studies strange Arguments to defend his Heterodox and Fiery Tenents, as tho' the Spring

(a) Observator Vol. 4. Numb. 91.

of Living Water, were a Fountain of Contention —
 L——y by his Intemperate Zeal (which he calls Religion) would set Church and State in a Flame —
 His very Looks, as well as his Fortune, seem Desperate for High-Church: That is, (as Bishop Burnet explains it) the Church of Rome. (a) As tho' he had a Design (like another Guido) to attempt some Solemn Mischief, with a Dark Lanthorn, in another Hellish Powder-Plot. But before he writes for the Church (if he means the Protestant Church) I'd advise him to take Tutchin's Advice, "In the first Place take the Oaths to the QUEEN, "live in Obedience to his Spiritual Fathers, and then set "up for Monarchy and the Church (b) — But this (with all his Religion and Zeal for the Church) is what he will never do, for L——y is a High-Flyer in the worst Sense that the Word can bear; nothing terrifies him so much as to think of our Healing Parliament, and being punish'd (as he justly deserves) for his Weekly Lampoons, 'tis therefore his Policy to be an EVIL ANGEL, and (by his Rehearsals) mud the Waters, like the Filth Septa that he may go away undiscern'd — He calls Tutchin [The Observer confounded: (c)] But if one Observer (to use his Words) "is enough to hang a County, his Weekly Rehearsal is enough to poison the World — And this is all the RELIGION I can find in him —

I come next to his Loyalty — But I ask his Pardon for calling him Loyal, for he SCORNS to be so to a Protestant QUEEN: So that, to do him Justice, He is only a Rotten Sepulchre newly Painted over with a Colour of Loyalty — By refusing to take the Oaths to Her MAJESTY, he does (as 'twere) wear the Livery of young Perkin; and all his Policy is, if he can carry it undilcover'd, (as 'tis likely he will) for he tells

(a) See Bishop Burnet's Speech in the House of Lords, about Occasional Conformity.

(b) Observer, Vol. 4. Numb. 58.

(c) In his Rehearsal, Numb. 24.

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 31

his Friends, (if I may believe a Person that had it from his own Mouth.) "That he refuses to take the Oaths to the QUEEN, that he may do the greater Service to the Church of England. (a) But what FRIEND can he be to the Church or State, that scruples to take the Oaths to be Loyal to it? So that L — y is an Essence needing a double Definition; for he is not what he appears, but like some of the Spheres, that besides their General Motion with the others, have a particular one to themselves, like a Water-man that looks one Way, but rows another: But for all his Out, he cannot change his Inside; so that he differs nothing from an Hypocrite — He says the Observer "Is of no Church, and Mob Principles (b) (which by the Way, is a great Mistake) or, were it true, I think it a better Character than for a Man to enter into Holy Orders and then disgrace his Gown by Tacking Principles, and Lampooning the Government — He extolls and commends the Bloody Reign of James II. and despairs (except the French Tyrant shou'd conquer England) of ever seeing the like; yet is he always desiring of Change, like Sick Folks, thinking Unquietness wou'd procure Rest — Loyalty is as often in his Mouth, as seldom in his Heart; for like a Corrupt Chyrurgion, he lives upon keeping the Sore raw — All his Rehearsals are invectives against the Government, and like a Froward Child, because he cannot be happy according to his own Will, he will be miserable in Spight — He rails against Church and State, in that very REHEARSAL that treats of Loyalty: (c) And tho' he han't Courage to do it openly, I speak TREASONS confidently to himself alone, expecting an Event of his Desire — He is a meer Bladder, puff'd up with the Wind of Hope, and could

(a) This was asserted, in Mr. Larkin's Presence and mine; but whether True or False, is left to their Consideration who waste so much Time every Week as to read his Rehearsal.

(b) Rehearsal Numb. 16.

(c) See his Rehearsal, Numb. 2.

he

32 Dunton's *Letter to his Few Creditors.*

he prove the Succession in the *Primo-Geniture*, from Adam to Noah, and so down to these present Times, he'd take the Oaths to the *Sham Prince*: But 'tis " *past Twelve a Clock* (a) with this Weekly Incendiary; for whilst he wishes harm to the QUEEN, it rebounds to himself: And the Loyal Dissenters (like *Cammomil*) grow the better for his envious Treading—I could say more of his *Sham Loyalty*, but all his *Rehearsals* proves, he wishes all Things turn'd Topsy-Turvy: And for that Reason, (were there no Proof of his Treasons) he deserves to be H—d by an *INNENDO*. And were I his Judge, this Sentence wou'd pass for *Lex Talionis*, (or a just Judgment upon him.) For all must own, that his *Rehearsal* (Numb. 21.) was design'd for my *Utter Ruine*, that remembers I publish'd my First Edition of the *Tackers* whilst the Parliament was actually sitting: And for this Reason, he tells the World, " *The most considerable Men in the House were Tackers; but yet* (continues this FRENCH " *TOOL*) you see John Dunton *defies them, and dares* " *Publish his Character of a Tacker while the House of Commons is sitting.* (b) — But tho' the *Tacking Members* were provok'd by my *Satyr* upon them, (and L——y said all he cou'd to procure me a Visit from the *Serjeant at Arms*) yet these *Pinnacle Gentlemen* being asham'd of their *Tacking Bill*, never win'd at my *Satyr* upon them; nor did they give L——y the *Thanks of the House* for making such a Noise about it, but wou'd have been glad that the very Word *Tacker* might have been forgotten. However, L——y shew'd *his Teeth*; and none will question his being a *Perkinite*, (or *Splight and Malice* to John Dunton) that reads his *Rehearsal*, Numb. 21. —

EARS! Can such a Rebel as this have Ears? 'Tis to Impeach the Law, and to say the Hangman neglects his Duty, to say L——y has had either Ears (or Head)

(a) See his *Rehearsal*, Numb. 41.

(b) In his Weekly Lampoon call'd the *Rehearsal*, Numb. 21.

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 33

ever since he wrote that Treasonable and Scandalous Paper call'd *The Rehearsal*——

So much for his Scholarship—— Religion—— Loyalty—— Now, in meer Respect to that *Coast and Church* which he strives to disgrace, (by his *Weekly Rehearsals*) I leave him hatching Plots against the State, and Building *Castles in the Air* for the Reception of young *Perkin*: And who knows (as much as he deserves the G——s) but an Hundred Years hence he may chance to creep (as a Saint) into the *Roman Calendar*, for turning *Nonjuror*, alias *Tacker*, alias *Papiss*.

I cou'd enlarge, but he is an *Everlasting Argument*; and I am weary of him, and perhaps some will think I have said too much; but I've dwelt the longer on this Character, that L——y (and the other *ATTACHERS* of my Person and Goods) may see what a pretty Figure they make when they are drawn at Length——

Having given a brief Account of the *Lives, Religion and Honesty, &c.* of the *Moderator, Spy, Rehearsal, Whiffler, &c.* I come next to M——, that *Spiteful Woman* that hir'd these Fellows to slander me——

"M—— was the Famous Publisher of *Grub-street News*; She Copies her Religion and Honesty from *Hackney Authors*—— and if she have any *EARS*, 'tis more than I dare assert of any Scoundrel that writes for Her—— M—— is one in whom good Women suffer, and have their Truth and Fidelity misinterpreted by her Flattery and Ingratitude—— She is one she knows not what her self, if you ask her; (for she recommends *Funeral Sermons* and *Wandering Spies, &c.* with the same Breath) she rails at other Women (especially her Cousin S——) by the Name of W——, and calls her very Father a—— Her *Purity* consists much in her *Limbs*, Her *Wealth* in strutting and talking Big; but her *Cunning* is chiefly seen in preserving her *EARS*: However, she sets up for a *WIT*, and if she can say no Ill of a Man, she seems to speak *Middles*, as if she cou'd tell strange Stories if she wou'd: And when she has rack'd her

E c

Revenge

Revenge to the uttermost, she ends. "*But I wish him well, and therefore must hold my Peace*—— She is a private Slanderer, but (where she is known) all her Words go for Jest, and all her Jest for nothing. Her very Courtesies are intolerable, they are done with such Arrogance, (and Design upon you) and she is the only Person you may hate after a Good Turn, and not be ungrateful.— I may justly reckon it among my Calamities that ever I listned to her Double Tongue, or suffer'd my self to be Treated by her; but I en't the only Person that was deceiv'd: For, M—— having learn'd to wheedle from D—— N——, and the Art of Shamming from her first Husband, she has put such Tricks on the Printers and Stationers, &c. she can now pay but 2 s. 6 d. f' th' Pound.

Gentlemen, this is the Woman, and these are the Earless Fellows (if they had their Due) that were trying for Ten Months to blast my Credit with Printers and Stationers, to advance their own——

I own (Gentlemen) that L——y, M——, &c. and all the rest of my Scribbling Enemies, are such a RABBLE (a) of noisy, empty, scandalous Authors, they are scarce worth my Notice; and if they shou'd provoke me a Second Time, (as they are bentath my Pen and Sword) I'll only stoop so low as to hire some Able Porter to kick 'em into better Manners: But I thought it needful to draw their Pictures in this Letter, that my Creditors might all see what sort of Hackneys they are that were so zealous to Blast my Credit, and (bad it been in their Power) to ruine me quite——

But I won't enlarge, for (except they are hardened) they now see their Sin in their Punishment. But if they reply to this, I have now DRAWN MY PEN, (and a Brighter Weapon is always at Hand in a Just Cause) and resolve to humble 'em.

(a) As Mr. Foe calls 'em, Review Vol. 2. Numb. 75.

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 35

1.

Yes M——s know, since thou'rt grown so proud,

'Twas I that gave thee thy Renown,
Thou'dst else in the forgotten Crowd

Of Common Whidwibes liv'd unknown,
Had not my Books proclaim'd thy Name,
And Imp'd it with the Plumes of Fame.

2.

That boasted Credit is none of thine,

I gave it to thy Shop and SPYES,

Thy MODERATOR too is mine; (a)

Thou art my star, shin'st in my Skies:

Then dart not from thy Borrow'd Sphere,

Lighning on him that plac'd thee there.

3.

Treat me then with Abuse no more,

Left what I Made, I Uncreate;

Let CLARK (b) thy Haughty Looks adore,

I knew thee in thy Begging State. (c)

Wise Poets that wrap'd Truth in Tales,

Knew Her themselves thro' all her Vails.

(a) Reader, don't mistake me here, for I don't mean by these Lines, that I have any Hand, either in Writing or Printing that DULL and Foolish Paper call'd *The Moderator*; or that more Scandalous One, call'd *The Wandering Spy*; but purely, as M——s owes all the Credit she had with Printers and Stationers, to that great Trust I gave her at her first setting up for a *Publisher*.

(b) This is a *Printer* in *Thames-street*, who was very Zealous to oblige M——; but what she has got by her (except an Opportunity to trust her with Twelve Pounds) He that knows, can tell——

(c) Begging indeed! For M—— was so low at first, as to promise me to even every Day, if I would but deal with her.

E c 2

Thus,

Thus, with the *PHÆNIX*, I do, as 'twere flourish
in my own Ashes, or rather Revive from those Attach-
ments and Slanders, &c. that M—— and her *Weekly*
Hackneys thought they had bury'd me in.

So that all they got by their *Two Attachments and*
Private Slandering, was the Pleasure of musing upon the
Mischief they wou'd ha' done me, had it been in their
Power. But I shall say no more of these *Detractors*,
for Alexander, (a) at the *Olympick Games*, wou'd run with
none but Monarchs. And tho' I think as meanly of
what I write or Print, as either *Prejudice* or *Malice* it
self can do, yet as no Man will lose a Farthing by
me, I shan't condescend so low as to think *DUNTON*
(with all his *Weakness and Losses*, &c.) a fit Match for such
Fack-Puddings; [as the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*, &c.]
And therefore, as the Generous Mastiff is above mind-
ing the Yelping of little Curs, so for the Future, (ex-
cept they'll put their Names to what they Print) I
shall take no Notice of any of our *Weekly Writers*, except
it be Mr. *Review* and the *Observer*, and only those, as they
have the *Courage and Honesty* to subscribe their Names
to all they Publish.

The Ingenious *Tuchin* puts his Name to his *Observa-*
tors; and *Foe* says, "I never write *Penny Papers*, (the
"Review excepted) nor ever shall, unless my Name is
"publicly set to them. [Review Vol. 3. Numb. 16.]

But as to M—— and her two Scriblers, they stab
a Man in the Dark, like a Serpent they bite *Dunton* by the
Heel, and then creep into their Hole again, (alias *Garret*,
the chief Residence of *Hackney Authors*) for want of
Courage to abet their Actions. This is such a *Sneak-*
ing Cowardice, that I shall answer no Man that is
asham'd of his Name, or that like M—— and her
Anonymous Rakes, han't the *Courage and Honesty* to vin-
dicate what they write——

(a) Alexander, when his Father wish'd him to run for
the Prize at the *Olympick Games*, (for he was very swift)
said, "He wou'd, if he might run with Kings."

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 37

If M—— think this too hard Treatment, she must thank her self; for wou'd any but M—— (if her Name be M——) endeavour to lessen the Reputation of her BEST FRIEND; for so she call'd me, 'till (by Advertizing my Books) she began to make a FIGURE in Trade. And as PRIVATE as she now lives, I scarce think she'll deny this; for I can prove by her own Letter, "That without my Assistance, she had never got so much as the Name of a Publisher— And (which further shews her Ingratitude) she tells me in the same Letter, "That all her Friends in Town, but my self, either had, or at least had endeavour'd, to make a Prey of her——

Now, for such a Woman as this to call me Bankrupt—— Fail-Bird—— Person not worth a Halter, &c. and to heighten the Impudence, to be the first Aggressor, (when my bare trusting of her was a sort of Attachment) is such Ingratitude as has no Paralel—— But why shou'd I wonder at her, when I have Neighbours Fare; for, (not to mention her Reprinting a Copy (a) I brought her to Publish—— Her dispersing Bawdy Falshoods in the Wandering Spy—— And Fifty Things that will keep cold) She slander'd S—— b —— N—— t —— B—— g —— and so much as her own Father: (Moorgate for that!) Of which I'll give a particular Account, if she L O O her Whelps any more at me—— Whelps indeed! —— for none but such will bite the Hand that gives 'em Bread——

Gentlemen—— I had never discover'd M——'s ungrateful Treatment, or once mention'd the Service I did her, had not "her Publick Detraction render'd a Publick Vindication necessary. I reckon it much below me "to mention the Favours I have done, but 'tis Labour in "vain you know, to oblige where every Kindness is misrepresented and unmade again, and a Man must shake off "his Nature, and grow insensible, if he find no Resentment "in him upon such Occasions—— (b)

(a) De-laune's Plea for the Nonconformists.

(b) History of my Life and Errors. P. 104.

And

Thus, with the *PHÆNIX*, I do, as 'twere flourish in my own Ashes, or rather *Revive* from those Attachments and Slanders, &c. that *M——* and her *Weekly Hackneys* thought they had bury'd me in.

So that all they got by their *Two Attachments and Private Slandering*, was the Pleasure of musing upon the Mischief they wou'd ha' done me, had it been in their Power. But I shall say no more of these *Detractors*, for *Alexander*, (a) at the *Olympick Games*, wou'd run with none but Monarchs. And tho' I think as meanly of what I write or Print, as either *Prejudice* or *Malice* it self can do, yet as no Man will lose a Farthing by me, I shan't condescend so low as to think *DUNTON* (with all his *Weakness and Losses*, &c.) a fit Match for such *Fack-Puddings*; [as the *Moderator* and *Wandering Spy*, &c.] And therefore, as the Generous Mastiff is above minding the Yelping of little Curs, so for the Future, (except they'll put their Names to what they Print) I shall take no Notice of any of our *Weekly Writers*, except it be *Mr. Review* and the *Observer*, and only those, as they have the *Courage and Honesty* to subscribe their Names to all they Publish.

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(a) *Alexander*, when his Father wish'd him to run for the Prize at the *Olympick Games*, (for he was very swift) said, "He wou'd, if he might run with Kings."

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 37

If M—— think this too hard Treatment, she must thank her self; for wou'd any but M—— (if her Name be M——) endeavour to lessen the Reputation of her BEST FRIEND; for so she call'd me, 'till (by Advertizing my Books) she began to make a FIGURE in Trade. And as PRIVATE as she now lives, I scarce think she'll deny this; for I can prove by her own Letter, "That without my Assistance, she had never got so much as the Name of a Publisher— And (which further shews her Ingratitude) she tells me in the same Letter, "That all her Friends in Town, but my self, either had, or at least had endeavour'd, to make a Prey of her——

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(a) De-laune's Plea for the Nonconformists.

(b) History of my Life and Errors. P. 104.

And what greater Provocations could be given, than for M—— to seek my Overthrow, after I had ventur'd my ALL to serve her, and that too, at a Time when her Rich Friends refus'd to appear for her: So that I meerly trusted her in her Extremity! and was so hearty in it, that I told the World, "That tho' her Husband M—— was very unfortunate, yet I hop'd his Widow (our New Publisher) would have all the Encouragement the Trade could give her; for she was not only a Bookseller's Widow, but a Bookseller's Daughter, and her self free from all that Pride and Arrogance (for so I thought, by her great Care to oblige at first) that was found in the Carriage of other Publishers.

Having as Publickly vindicated my Credit with Printers and Stationers as M—— (and her Two Hackneys) endeavour'd to blast it, I now forgive 'em; and except M—— and her Black Guard sling any more Dirt, I have nothing further to say to 'em, but advise 'em to practice my Idea of a New Life, (Publish'd, or rather ATTACH'D by M——) and to sin (I mean slander) no more, &c. And then I hope we shall all meet in that PURE and Holy Place, where none transgress, so much as in Thought——

Gentlemen—— this is a brief Hint of those many Losses and Wrongs I have groan'd under; (and that from Persons that ow'd all the Credit they had in Trade, and in Usurer's Bonds, to my appearing so heartily for 'em) by which it appears, that an over Credulity (and Readiness to serve the Unfortunate) has been the great Misfortune of my whole Life: But JUSTICE was still in my Eye under all my Losses; and whatever Treatment I have from others, no Man shall tax me with being a MONSTER: (I mean ungrateful) And this Resolution has so far blest my Affairs, that (as I said before) "I can now tell to a Day when I shall pay every Farthing I owe.

I wish B——l, S——ge, and M——s, that were so Zealous to lessen my Credit with Printers and Stationers, could give 'em the same Assurance; for 'tis what I can make good, and I hope will satisfy all my

The Living Elegy: Or, 39

my Creditors: Or, if it don't, my **CRAZY BODY** is at their Service. But were I now in Prison, I cou'd neither say nor do more than I here promise; but 'tis such a Promise (*if it gives Satisfaction to all my Creditors*) that I'll make good to a Tittle; for that **Generous Person** to whom I sold my Woods, has obliged himself, [*by a Writing under his Hand*] either to Release **Ever-Estate**, (which secures his Bargain) or else to purchase the *Reversion of Bottom-Farme*, which will pay six Times more than I owe—— And when I am out of Debt, (having given **A Farewel to Trade**(a)) I'll then purchase an *usefully Pleasant Library*, throw off the Drudgery of the Press, live at Liberty, and get ready for Heaven, and that shall be the **Last Act** of the Play.

So that you see *Gentlemen*, (as I said before) *I have taken effectual Care that my Losses in Trade shou'd be none of yours*: For, if I live till *October the 10th, 1708*, I have secured your Money every way; or if I die before that Time, 'tis **A Clause in my Will**, That my Heir shall not receive a Penny 'till all my Debts are discharged. 'Tis true, my Heir will think this a Hardship upon him, but a Just Debt ought to be paid; (tho' 'twere but a **Verbal Promise**(b)) and I'll rather displease my Heir than wropg my Creditors: And as all are alike kind, so I'll make no Distinction in my Justice to 'em; but will pay 'em all at the same Time, [*viz. October the 10th, 1708.*] Or next Week, wou'd my Friends enable me, as perhaps they may; for there is such a **Fair Correspondence** between me and *Valeria*,

(a) *In an Essay now ready for the Press.*

(b) *As for that sort of Debt which is brought upon a Man by his own voluntary Promise, it cannot, without great Injustice, be with-holden; for it is now the Man's Right, and then 'tis no matter by what Means it came to be so—— Thus far the Whole Duty of Man, P. 227. And (he adds) Surely he is utterly unfit to ascend to that Holy Hill there spoken of, that does not punctually observe this part of Justice.*

40 Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors.

that [in Answer to a Letter, wherein I request her to assist me in paying my Debts, for this Reason, that we must live asunder till then, as an Heir to her Joynture, wou'd cheat my Creditors.] She writes thus.

" My Dear—— I was resolved to let you see how much
 " I lov'd you, in getting my Mother to pay for my Food and
 " Raiment, and all my Expences in other Things——
 [And She adds in the same Letter] " Considering (my
 " Dear) your frequent Fits of the Stone and Rheumatism,
 " &c. 'tis necessary you shou'd take a Servant to look after
 " you; and you may assure your self, I shall like any Ser-
 " vant that is tender of you: And my Mother will like any staid
 " Person [that you approve of] to be with me, before she
 " leaves the World, which she is very likely soon to do. In
 " the Case she is in, every one thinks her Dangerous, and
 " her Life short. Which is all at present from Your Loving
 " Wife 'till Death—— Sarah Dunton——

Gentlemen—— I give you this Brief Account of
 my Wife's Letter, to convince you and the World,
 how Happy we shall be when Providence brings us
 together; and not to insinuate as if I intended (ONLY)
 to pay you with Dead Folks Shoes. For, tho' my Mo-
 ther, Uncle, Aunt, Cousin, (whose Deaths give me
 a Just Title to Four Estates) shou'd prove an Exception
 to the common Law of Mortality, yet I so little need or
 desire their Death, that, if my Creditors are contented
 with what I have here promised, if they please (and
 can Bribe Death) they may live for ever. And there-
 fore, as I never waited for Dead Mens Shoes, (a) so I
 hope mine are as little desir'd: For the Sale of what
 I mention'd before, will pay all I owe, (and leave me a
 clear Estate) and that without the least Thanks to any
 Relation. And when my Debts are paid, (which is a
 Word of Comfort your other Debtors do seldom give) I will not

(a) As I have Proved in An Essay upon Dead-Mens
 Shoes, &c. now ready for the Press.

desire

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desire that Six Months Credit that is usually given in Trade, but will always be a Ready Money Customer to all my Creditors, that so I may make them a large and constant Amends for their Kind and long Forbearance. But (*Gentlemen*) I shan't need to say any thing more to make you Credit my Promise, for I challenge all the Persons I ever dealt with (*both before and since my Misfortunes*) to prove I ever over-reach'd or deceiv'd 'em in any one Instance.

'Tis true, *The London C——d* (I shou'd say *The London Post*) had the Impudence to call me Fool and K—— in the following Words(a) — “nor is it any of the Celebrated Authors of this Age, no not John D——ton himself; “who in spite of *Barthe Dullness*, [a better Name for a Fool] resolves to be a Wit, as he always did to “be a K—— in spite of *Second Spira*, and a whole “Volume of *Repentance*.”

As to my being a Fool, I confess, my serving ungrateful Persons, (but more especially M——, &c.) has given too much Reason for that Reflection—— But as to my being a K—— I appeal to the Narrative of *Second Spira* (b) — To my *Idea of a New Life*, (or that Volume of *Repentance* H—— banter,) how little I deserve his Infamous Letter K—— But our *London C——d*, like a Hectoring Scandalous F—— talks madly, DASH, DASH, without any Fear or Wit; and never cares how he belpatters others, or defiles himself. He pretends to Courage, but 'tis all BOUNCE; and H—— is as Black and Vile as the Devil wou'd have him—— *Es's this a fine Champion for Truth and Honesty?* (The Title he gives to the *London Post*.) For my own share, I have heard so much of *The Secret Sinner*, (a Book he privately sells to debauch the Age) that I shou'd ha' been much concern'd if he had given me a good Word; for the

(a) Printed in the London Post, Wednesday April the 11th, 1709.

(b) To be found in The History of my Life, P. 218.

Commendation of B—— H—— is the greatest Reproach that an honest Man can meet with. He is so far from having any Dealing with Truth and Honesty, that his Solemn Word (*which he calls as good as his Bond*) is a studied Lye, and he scandalizes Truth and Honesty, in pretending to write for it—— His London Post (or weighing of Truth and Honesty) resembles the Bird of Athens; for it seems to be made up of Face and Feathers: For, setting aside his Billingsgate Language, and hunting up and down the World for any Occasion of venting his Fulsome Slander, there is very little of Wit or Honesty in him, but what he hath stoln from W—— (the Lewd Author of the *Wandering Spy*) or his own Hypocritical Heart.— The Employment (or rather Lively-hood) of B—— H—— is to blast other Men's Credit, and to steal their Copies—— He's a meer F——y for Slander, Falshood, Tricking, and F——le L——y And for this Reason, Dr. Partridge ought to lash him (when he's ty'd to *Dunton's Whipping-Post*) in such manner as will best atone for the Wrongs he did him, which are so notorious and frequent, that the *Ingenious Partridge*, in his *Almanack* for this Year, tells the World.

“Whereas, for the Two Years last past, 1703, and
 “1705, I have been abused, and the Country also, by a
 “Supplement added to my Almanack, forg'd and contriv'd
 “by B—— H—— and his Son, and Printed as
 “mine, tho' I knew nothing of it 'till it was Printed.
 “This is therefore to give Notice, If any such Knaveish Sup-
 “plement, or any thing like it, by another Title, is added
 “to the Almanack, this Year, or any other; you may be
 “certain it is not mine, but contriv'd and done by some Knave,
 “[not K—— for 'tis Knave at length] “to abuse the
 “World. And therefore if there is any thing in Print be-
 “yond this Hand at the Bottom, it is a Cheat, and he a
 “Knave that did it—— So says your Friend— J. Partridge.

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Dr. Partridge (by this Advertisement) proves all I have said of H——— And as K——— and T——— is the best Character he has, had he call'd me **Honest Man**, (when he call'd me K———) I should have thought it a great Slander; but seeing he has the Boldness to acknowledge he call'd me K——— were I to assign his Punishment, (That H——— might see how much I forgave him) He should only be Lash'd every Monday and Friday, (the Two Days he Publish'd the London Post) at his own Door, by the Common Hangman: And every Monday and Thursday own himself a K——— and C———d, &c. in the London Gazette; 'till such Time he had ask'd Pardon of Dr. Partridge——— John Dunton——— and the other Persons he wrong'd in the London Post——— Or (should he escape Whipping, or doing Penance in the Printed Sheets, yet) we shall find him a Second Time in the Pillory, (with his Wife, like a **KIND RIB**, standing by, to defend him against the Mob)——— But tho' H——— had the Impudence to call me K———; yet to shew (after he is well Lash'd and Pillory'd) I know how and where to forgive him,

Ben, take this Pass, e'er we for ever part,
Then hang; and then farewell with all my Heart:
Mark'd for a T——— long mayst thou raving lie;
Envyng an Halter, but not dare to die.
And when Condemn'd thou dost thy Clergy plead,
Some Frightful Fiend deny thee Power to read;
Slander, Ned W———, Confusion, Rage, and Shame
Attend you to the Place from whence you came.
To Tyburn thee let Carrion Horses draw,
In Folling Cart, without so much as Straw;
Faded may they lye down i' th' Road, and tir'd,
And (worse than one fair Hanging) twice be mir'd;
(a) Mayst thou be maul'd with Pulcher's Sexton's Sermon,
'Till thou roar out, For Hemp sake drive on Carman.

(a) [Mayst thou be maul'd with Pulcher's Sexton's Sermon.]
The Sexton of St. Sepulchre's Church makes a kind of Preachment to such as go by to be hang'd.

Not

Not one good Woman, who in Conscience can
 Cry out—— 'Tis pity Thou—— a Proper Man,
 Stupid and dull, mayst thou rub off like Hone,
 Without an open, or a Smother'd Groan.
 May the K^{ing} miss the Place, and fitted be
 To plague and torture, not deliver thee;
 Be Half a Day, a dying thus, and then
 Revive like Savage, (a) to be hang'd again,
 In Pity now thou shalt no longer live,
 For when thus satisfy'd, I can forgive.

But tho' I forgive, (when he is thus Lash'd, Pillory'd,
 and hang'd) yet he must not expect a Pardon from
 others: For K—— is the Mark he always sets upo.
 Honest Men; but C——d and T——, &c. is the fit-
 test Name for himself, as he had a W—— to his
 W—— and a S——n (for what is got in the Bone
 won't out of the Flesh) that crept to Bed to his M——d.

This London C——d (I still forget) I mean Lon-
 don Post, abus'd Sir L——, Dr. C——ward, and
 Honest N——son, &c. as well as me; but they were
 above his Slanders: Neither had he been worth my
 Notice, (for H—— only pretending to Truth and
 Honesty, his Infamous Exit was disgrac'd by as Infamous
 an Elegy (b)) but that my Porter is ready at Hand
 to correct and kick him, for he does not deserve my
 LASH (or Rapier) any further than to tell the
 World, "Accusations make no Man a Criminal; and
 that I challenge this Paper Bully (and all the World)
 to prove Black is my Eye, with Respect to Women,
 Drunkenness, Swearing, Avarice, or K——ry of any Sort.
 And for that Reason, I measure not my self by what
 H——, or any Slanderer, lays of me. To be ill
 spoken of (and undeservedly) is neither my Fault, nor
 alone my Case: Christ himself was thought a Wine-bibber,
 and St. Paul Mad—— Men are so often mislead by

(a) [Revive like Savage] One that was hang'd twice.

(b) Written by Drunken P——s the Interloping Whiffler.

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Prejudice and Misinformation, that if we believe ONE Report in FORTY, we give a very large Allowance. (a) And for that Reason, I am very SLOW in believing Ill of any Man, and much slower in Reporting it: But if Ill Tongues (such as H——) could make Men Ill, Good Men were in an Ill Case. I never regard what Men say against me, but my own Conscience: Tho' all the World condemn me, while God and my self do not, I am Innocent enough. It may be, if I were worse, I shou'd hear better, The Devil does not accuse his own. If I were one of H——'s T——sh Crew, he'd call me an Honest Man: But for that Reason, all others wou'd call me K—— So that I esteem his K—— a Real Panegyrick.

But (Gentlemen) ever observe it, They that are forward in Accusing and Censuring others, are usually such themselves. "A Slandering Tongue is a sure Sign of a wicked Person—— I cou'd tell you of one that debauch'd a widow in Jewen Street, and since that Platonick Intreague, made a meer Cuckold of his best Friend, that has been the First in Slandering his Innocent Neighbours. Then let H—— call me K—— and F—— as long as he please, I'll never busy my self (having told the World what meer Rubbish my Enemies are) in searching into other Men's Lives, the Errors of my own are more than I can answer for. "It more concerns me to mend One Fault in my self, than to find out a Thousand in others—— Two Things I never trouble my self to know; Other Men's Faults, and other Men's Estates: My own Soul, and the Amendment of my own Faults, is all my Study. Nor do I think any Sin (or K——ry) less because it is hid, for to him that shall judge me it is open.—— But tho' I was never The First Aggressor in any Quarrel, nor never (like B—— H——) comply'd with the World to slander him that is down, &c. Yet (as For observes (b)) "Self De-

(a) This was a Saying of the Learned and Pious Mr. Mathew Pool, Author of the Synopsis Criticorum.

(b) Review Vol. 2. Numb. 40.

" sence is the Law of Nature, and a Man ought no more
 " to be passive under the Murderer of his Reputation, than
 " of his Life——

Then sure Gentlemen, you won't blame me for this
 Vindication: For, as H—— had the Impudence to
 call me K——, so I was also Attack'd by that
 Enigmatical Quack that writ [*The Tale of a Tub.*]
 This Fleering SQUIRT tells the World, " That the
 " History of my Life is a Faithful and Pain'ul Collection, &c.
 Yes, Dr. Know-Post, so it is, for 'twas wholly ga-
 ther'd from my own Breast; neither is my Idea of a
 New Life (which Dr. K—— never did, nor in-
 tends to practice) stol'n from any thing else but my
 own Thoughts of becoming a New Man.

And Mr. F—— (without either C——ty, Sense,
 or Manners) takes upon him to slander my New Pro-
 ject for Reformation. (a) Nay, so much as that
 Louzy Wretch, (and Doggrel Poet) that writ [*A New
 Tears Gift for the Scriblers, &c.*] had the Boldness to
 tell the World,

" Let the Renowned D——nt——n next,
 " With Scribling and with Carcs perplex;
 " With all the Errors of this Life,
 " Oblige the World, and cease from Strife. (b)
 " For Print and Paper give him Trust,
 " I'll warrant you he will be just.
 " If not, if D——y, M——ls, and H——l,
 " Have Patience, he will pay them all:
 " Patience per Force must be their Cure,
 " Till he a Chapman can procure,
 " To purchase an Estate that lies
 " I know not where, beyond the Skies;
 " Or else, 'till he can get Possession
 " Of an Estate that's in Reversion.
 " All the Right Owners once in Heaven,
 " 'Tis his; and then he'll make all Even.

(a) Publish'd by Mrs. Mallet. (b) This Line is a little alter'd.
 These

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These LIES were writ to oblige M—— (for Wi—— was her constant Hackney and Partner) but the Rhiming Scoundrel (I can't say Poet) is such a Contemptible Wretch he is not worth my Notice: But as he did me all the Mischief he cou'd, 'tis necessary the World shou'd know him.

He's a Poetical Insect—— A meer Grub-street Poet—— The worst Sort of Hackney—— A Murderer of Paper—— (Nothing he writes Sells)—— The Common Scribler of the Town, that writes and drinks, as he can St——l, or borrow, Coyn or Wit.

His Brains lie all in Notes; Lord! How he'd look, If he shou'd chance to lose his Table-Book!

His Wit at best is but a Tavern-Tympany—— The Dress of Poetry. (He makes Helicon a Puddle, not a Spring.)—— In Brief, Jack Wi—— is a very POETASTER, that speaks nothing, but Lyes and Bombast—— A Good Conceit or Two, Bates of his Stock of Wit, and makes such a sensible Weakning in him, that his Brains recover it not a Year after—— How did he stare, and sowre his Face, when he writ The Hymn to Money? To vent his Brains (in the Composing this Dull Poem) he eat his very Finger's Excrement, and continually scratch'd his Noddle (his Rhimes were so Hide-bound) to tare 'em out. The very best of his Poems are — The Baboon A-la-mode—— The Welcome to Victory—— The After-Thought—— And New-Tears Gift for the Scriblers—— But these are so very silly and impertinent, that even JOHN BUNTAN wou'd be asham'd to own 'em—— And for the rest of his Poems, (which now serve at the Bog-house, or under Mince-Pyes) they are Doggerel Hymns, and Flashes darted out on the sudden, which if you take them while they are warm, may be laugh'd at, (or sh——t upon;) if they Cool, are nothing — But yet (which made M—— so PROUD of her Author) he writes POEMS best Ex Tempore; for Meditation stupifies him,

and the more he is in Travel, the less he brings forth. (a)
 Nay, *Wi*—— is such a meer DOLT (of a Poet)
 that he takes such Pains to make a Verse, (or a little
 Non-sense Tag'd with Rhime) that at the Birth of Each,
 he twists his Face as if he drew a Tooth. He blows
 and writes, and sometimes HUNTS an Hour, with
 the whole Kennel of the Alphabet, for one single Rhime.
 And all this Pains is only to make him a Poor Ragged
 Scoundrel; and (to do him Justice) he does not desire
 to be thought otherwise: For, in his Poem——
 To the Scriblers (b) he there says——

" Now, Brother Scriblers, let me tell ye,
 " Bare Lines will never fill the Belly;
 " This Poem, and that Satyr too,
 " As little for the Back will do;
 " And often 'tis the Fate of many
 " A Poet, not to have one Penny:
 " But like Philosophers of Old,
 " Thro' Pocket-Holes you may behold
 " Their A——se exposed to the Cold. }
 " Hard Hap indeed it is of Wit,
 " But so the Fates do think it fit:
 " And seldom 'tis they disperse
 " Money to the same Man, and Sense.
 " But why is Gold such a cross Devil? (c)
 " When you are so submissive and civil,
 " To pawn your very Souls, and Sense
 " To Hell, and every Fool for Pence.
 " Yet ne'er a Broker in the Town, (d)
 " On Wit would lend you Half a Crown:
 " Who then wou'd Scribble that has Sense?
 " That cannot live on Abstinence.

(a) Of which his *Baboon Satyr* is a Notable Instance:
 Or if I mistake the Title, 'tis no Great Matter, for his
 Poems are such meer Stuff, they are all alike condemn'd
 to the Bog-house.

(b) To be found in *Wi*——'s Hymn to Money, P. 15

(c) (d) These Two Lines are a little altered from what
 they are in The Hymn to Money.

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Gentlemen—— if you wonder why these Verses are Lame and Foolish, you must know they Sympathize with the Author; for in his Hymn to Money, he there says, “ He hath been so long beating the Hoof in Quest of Money, that he hath worn the Skin off his Ten-Toes: “ And no wonder (adds our Hackney) if the Fancy limp “ when the Body is uneasy—— So that Wi—— (by his own Confession) “ writes for Bread, and lives by Defamation—— But (with all his CUNNING and Satyr) He is but a Numscul—— a Simpleton—— a Rhiming Ass—— whole Life is but to laugh and be laugh’d at. Had Wi—— never pretended to POETRY, he might have pass’d for a Half-Witted Fellow; (which is a Quarter more than he has) for he is something the Less unwise than that’s unwise but in Prose. But when a Goose dances, and a Fool versifies, there is sport alike. He’s twice an Ass, that’s a Rhiming one; which is the Case with Respect to Wi—— for he is only a WIT in Jest, and a FOOL in Earnest; and yet (like a Right Hackney) he’s so big of himself, that when he has writ any thing that has pass’d with Applause, he is always Re-acting it alone, and conceits the Extacy his Hearers were in at every Period—— Nay, he’s so Vain and Foolish, as to hope in Time to be POET-LAUREAT—— For, in his [Advice to the Sons of Parnassus] he there says,

“ Don Projectero still in vain,
 “ Plagu’d with the Wind-mills in his Brain,
 “ By Scribling strives to raise Himself
 “ Unto the Lawrel, and to Pelf.

For this Reason he is always talking of Dryden, Congreve, and New Poems, &c. For tho’ he knows nothing, he wou’d not have the World know so much—— Or if he have any Wit, he wears it as Bravo’s do their Swords, to mischief and offend others, not as Gentlemen, to defend themselves—— In a Word, He’s a meer Empty Fellow; and tho’ he talk

much of the *Question Oracle*, *Learning*, and *Athenian Catechisms*,
 (a) he learns all from Talking; Two Encounters with the
 same Man Pumps him, and then he only puts in, or
 (GRAVELY) says nothing—— In a Word, his
New-Years-Gift shews he has taken Pains to be an *Ass*,
 tho' not to be a *Scholar*; and where he is known,
 his POEMS are banter'd and laugh'd at——

Gentlemen—— having given *Wi——*'s Character
 as a *Poetaster*, I shall next consider him as a P E R-
 FUMER (or Master of Half a Dog-hole in L—d—n
 H——l——S——t)—— And here I shou'd
 tell the World, He has been A Printer (b)—— A
Salesman—— A *Taylor*—— A *Pattern-Drawer*——
 A *Jack of all Trades*—— But he thriv'd in none,
 and broke of all: So that he stinks in the Nostriks of
 all he dealt with. 'Tis true, he endeavours to *Sweeten*
his Credit again with *Perfume* and *Clash-balls*; (c) but
 he stinks so Rank of the *Poetaster*, he'll B——ke
 again with an ILL SMELL: For in *Jack Wi——*
 The *Perfumer* and *Poet* are Synonimous Terms; and he
 that SETS UP FOR A POET Sets up for a
 Beggar. (*Wi——* a Poet, then *Wi——* a Beggar!)
 His Mind to him a Kingdom is, but 'tis a Kingdom
 wanting Form and Matter.

When Beadle Death does him at last attend,
 Let him go where he will, in this he's sure to mend,
 Death kindly House and Land provides him, more
 (Besides the Cage) than e'er he had before.
 Thrice miserable they, whom Want and Fate
 Eternal Mumpers made at Learning's Gate;
 Their Souls indeed they Cram with Notions High,
 But let poor Colon live by Sympathy:
 To Honourable Beggars they give Place,
 Lean Younger Brothers of the Lowly Race.

(1) *Wi——*'s *New-Years-Gift*, P. 6.

(b) Or if he want a Printer, he intended to be so.

(c) The Trifles he now Sells.

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But to proceed in my Account of *Wi——* as he's (now) a *SWEETNER* in *L——d——n- H——t* *S——t*: And here I find he *B——sh——tes* (instead of *PERFUMES*) his whole Conversation.

For *First*, He's a *meer Make-bate*, and would set Man and Wife at Dissention the *first Day of their Marriage*, and Children and Parents the *last Day of their Lives*.

He's Old Dog at *St——ing* of Mutton, his very Courtship and Wedding was *T——ft*; and where he can't *Int——gue*, he'll be sure to make Mischief. To prove this, consult the Angry Vintner in *T——ley Street*, or his *Satyr on my Chaste Wife, in his New-Years-Gift, P. 7*. Nor will Innocence ever be safe, or Conversation Honest, 'till such as he *leave the World the shortest way*. (I mean, 'till he's fairly Hang'd.)

And as for making of Mischief, so for Lying and Slander, (all the *High-Flights* this Poet can call his own) commend me to *Jack Wi——*. He tells the World, "*That I shall pay D——y — M——ls—— and H——l, the Shortest Way, and that my whole Estate lies in Reversion——* Whereas, *D——y* has given a Receipt in full *M——ls* (the *Second Attacher*) is wholly paid—— And *H——l* was offer'd (a) Ten Shillings i' th' Pound, and refus'd to take it, as not doubting of Full Payment—— Or had I been as Poor and Needy as this *B——k——n Salesman*, &c. would represent me, yet *Wi——* shou'd have been the Last shou'd have made it known; for his *PERFUMES* stink so much, no *Printer* will trust him with Two Farthings; and therefore he might well cry (b)

" As poor as any *Howlet* still,
" A Curse than doth attend the *Quill*;
" Hence *Buttocks* bare look thro' my *Breeches*,
" Which more abound in *Rags* than *Riches*.

(a) By a Stranger to me.

(b) In his *New-Years-Gift, P. 5, 6.*

Genilemen, en't this a SWEET FELLOW, to tell my Printers, &c. "I shou'd ne'er pay 'em? When 'tis thought his whole Estate (either in PERFUMES, or beyond the Skies (a)) won't pay for that Doggrel Poem Entituled *A Hymn to Money*—— for of 1500 Printed, he never Sold an Hundred; so that (for certain) his Printers can never expect a Farthing—— And 'tis well if his Wery Porter be ever paid: For, after Hawking a whole Day his *Hymn to Money*, left him so bare of CASH, that he did not sell enough to pay his Porter for his Day's Work—— No wonder then he tells his Readers [in his *New-Years-Gift*, P. 8.]

"The Old Year's gone, the New Year's come,
"My Tatters scarce will hide my Bum.

But amongst other of his *Shipwrecks*, he hath happily lost Shame; and this want supplies him in his Shop, Trade, Cloaths, Diet, &c.—— But tho he has Home-spun Impudence, (b) and can harp enough for his Back and Belly; yet were his Debts honestly paid, he has not a Rag to cover his Nakedness, but must (had he as much Innocence) live as they did in Paradise.

"Who then wou'd follow that damn'd Trade,
"By which he's Fool and Beggar made? (c)

Then Wi—— (for now my Resentment's over, I'll do thee all the Service I can) in meer Compassion to thy W——k——n Circumstance, I recommend to thee, to follow thy own Advice to the S O T. (d)

(a) See his *New-Years-Gift*. P. 7.

(b) 'Tis a Phrase of his own, in his *New-Years-Gift*. P. 2.——

(c) See his *Hymn to Money*. P. 7.

(d) See Wi——'s *Hymn to Money*. P. 14.

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" Or beg, or starve, which you like best,
 " In Aged Rags and Tatters dress;
 " Or else in stinking Jail mayst lie
 " Till freed by D——b's Charity.
 " Or if so be thou lov'st Command,
 " Boldly upon the High-way stand,
 " Break open Houses, learn to dive,
 " Some Men by Theft and Sharping live:
 " And at the worst thou'lt have this Hope,
 " To mount to Heaven by the Rope.

Our Poetaster (for Grub-street Wits are usually as Conceited and Proud as they are Poor and Base) will think this but a Course Complement; but I look upon Plainness as the best Dress for Truth: And sure our woud-be-Laureat won't give Advice that he won't take. However, I have fairly prov'd him——
 A Rhiming—— B——k——n—— Slandering——
 Lowly, Scoundrel, (alias PERFUMER:) Or if he denys this, I'll tye him up to our next Whipping-Post, and then prove it—— But why do I talk of answering such a WRETCH? For he's below my very Porter's Correction, and will disgrace (even) Newgate it self, when he's sent thither for his Fulsom Libels and SLIPPERY PRANKS.. (a)

Thus (Gentlemen) I have largely prov'd that Wi—— [who sent Advice to the Sons of Parnassus(b)] is as Poor and Base in his Trading as he is in his Rhiming Capacity—— He only Buys and Sells (when he dares be seen) to ruine himself and to w——ng others—— In a Word, He's a poor, silly, B——ken Pedler, that meerly Cumbers the Ground; and will be only able to render this Account (of his Life and Rhimes) when he comes to die, That he was as long a dying as he did live.

(a) See his New-Years-Gift, P. 7.

(b) 'Tis the Name of a Poem, wherein he abuses Sir Barth—— G—— Sir Charles D—— De
 Foe, Tutchin, Dunton, and several others. Gentle

Gentlemen, having wip'd off all that DIRT that Wi—— and my other Enemies have flung at me, I do now in this *Living Elegy* (*what I do every Night before I sleep*) forgive all the Damage they ever did me: Even that Person that forc'd me (*under a Pin. h*) to pay 3*l.* for that which other Men wou'd have thought Nobly Rewarded at 20*s.* (a) does not miss of my (Nightly) and Hearty Forgiveness. And I find the Injur'd *Tuchin* follows the same Practice; for [in his *Observator*, Vol. 4. Numb. 95.] he there says, "I can pass by a Thousand Indignities and Affronts offer'd by so mean a Scoundrel as the Author of *The Rehearsal*. And to shew he forgives all his Enemies, [In his *Observator*, Vol. 4. Numb. 94.] he further Adds, "'Tis the Property of all good Christians to die in Charity with all Men; and as they Launch into Eternity, [and what is Sleep but a "sort of Dying?] to forgive even their Enemies—— which I do in so Hearty a manner, that I never close my Eyes (or sleep) in Malice, or rise with the Thoughts of Revenge—— And if I have ever wrong'd any Person my self (either in Thought, Word, or Deed) I as Heartily ask their Pardon as I here give them mine— Or if we must Quarrel at the Bar to please our Clients, (*alias* Readers) yet I hope we do afterwards forgive, and embrace each other when we meet at the Tavern to drink a Health to the QUEEN and our Healing Parliament. Sure I am, however we Expose each other in PRINT, if we live in Malice we are much too blame; for 'tis the Duty of all Men to receive the Sacrament. (*He that denies this, renounces his very Baptism, and does as twere say, He desires Christ may be quite forgotten: Or at least does not consider, he that forsakes every KNOWN SIN, but more especially*

(a) Yet I'll pay even this Debt—October the 10th, 1708. (the Time set to even with all the World) if the Person to whom I gave a Note for the Money, (after considering of it till that Time) thinks he may receive it with a good Conscience.

PRIDE

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 55

PRIDE and MALICE is fit to receive the Communion.) Then (as 'tis in our Litany) "From Malice and all Uncharitableness Good Lord deliver us. For the Sacrament tends "to the encreasing our Love one to another—— It is a Feast of Love at our Father's Table, and the Guests are Brethren: Here are all the Engagements to Love set before us: The Love of our Lord, and his express Commandment, John 13. 34. We cannot well chuse but pity our Brother's Infirmities, and pardon each others Faults, when we see how much God hath pitied our Miseries, and how Graciously he hath pardoned our Offences; our Animosities will be abated, and our Thoughts of Malice and Revenge will die. A Sense of the Pardon of all our Sins, Happiness procur'd, and Death and Hell conquer'd, will swallow up all our little Picques and Displeasures, and so fill us with the Thoughts of Gratitude and Love, that we shall forget our Enmities, and embrace our Foes, and shed abroad our Kindness upon all about us; yea, and extend it to all the World, in Prayers and good Wishes. And certainly, this Spirit of Charity is a most Divine Temper, and a great Happiness; 'tis a Sweet, Serene and Pleasant Thing, a Reward to it self if there were no other; whereas Envy and Malice, and all the Degrees of them, are an Hell and Torment to the Soul; they are great Sins, and their own Punishment.

Surely, if these Things were considered, all Men wou'd frequent the Sacrament, and we shou'd have no more Slandering Spyes—— Abusive Moderators—— Spiteful Whipping-Posts—— Lying Rehearsals—— Revengeful Dialogues, or Scandal Clubs—— But, however ready we are to quarrel, yet I hope we are as ready to forgive, and love as Brethren—— For my own part, having done my self Publick Justice, (for the Publick Wrongs I receiv'd) I am willing to lead the Way in a Hearty Forgiveness of all my Enemies; but (as was said before) "Self-Defence is the Law of Nature, and a Man ought no more to be Passive under the Murderer of his Reputation than of his Life—— And for that Reason I prove H—— a K—— and W—— a

Scoun.

Scoundrel—— And (as a Piece of Justice to my self
and all that trust me) condescend so far as to answer
The Moderator—— Spy—— Whipster—— M——

(and the other Hackneys that wrote against me) But to
what Purpose do they Attach my Person or Credit?

For, The Little Bepsem (my Private and worst Enemy)
by Apeing my Question-Project, only got an
Opportunity to shew his Teeth; or cou'd he have
BIT, (i. e. stol'n my Project) I had Teeth growing in
Bow-lane, Eufield, St. Albans, (a) shou'd have bit through HIS
Athenian-Club, (consisting only of the Learned, Wily,
and Honest D—— F——) and all the SATYRS he
ever Publish'd——

Thus Interlopers do betray

Their Bad Success the Shortest Delay

The Moderator (my dull Enemy) after all his
Noise of promoting Peace, (and his Papers selling) went
out with a Stink and a Lye in his Mouth.

The Wandring Spy (my Third Attacher) was
Arraign'd for a Beastly Fellow, and his Lewd Spy (to
use a Word of his own) became INVISIBLE, in a
Literal Sense.

Drunken D——s (my Reeling Enemy) has Inter-
lop'd so long with my Whipping-Project, that a London Fury
have found him (and his Tacking Master) guilty of Writing
and Printing Scandalous Libels; and (if he have Justice
done him) has WHIP'D himself into the Pillory.

The London Post (my R——sh Enemy) is prov'd
a R—— and C——t, by Dr. Partridge, and his
useless and T——sh Paper is suppress'd for want of
Receiver.

The Rehearsal (my Tacking Enemy) tho' he con-
tinues to Scribble at present, yet may soon expect the
Face of a Rebel, (that is, to Expire at Tyburn) and to
have his Bowells and all his Rehearsals burnt——

(a) From January the 9th, 1697.

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 57

S——l (my Turn-coat-Enemy) 'tis said is run Distracted; or if he ben't, 'tis what he is to expect, for whispering Lyes to our HE- (or G——y) FRIEND, and for defaming the Noncons. — This BROKEN LEVITE has writ at least Twenty or Thirty Books, but what they are, he does not desire DUNTON shou'd discover, nor will he (tho' the Wrong he did me was Base and Private) without just Provocation.

M—— (my Ungrateful Enemy) as a just Judgment upon her, has now neither Books nor Moderators, &c. to Publish; and (after all her BOUNCE) can hardly pay 2 s. 6 d. i' th' Pound.

And Wi—— (my Grub-street Enemy and M——'s Poet) is now so far from writing of Hymns and Satyrs, that no Printer in Town will trust him.

And the same Fate has attended my Dublin Enemies, but I scorn to Triumph over Men in Distress: And for that Reason my other ATTACHERS shall be conceal'd, (that is) if they'll grow Honest, and forbear Slandering a Person that never wrong'd 'em.

But cou'd I Refine my self to an Angel, or were as free from K——ry as those in Paradise, there's some in the World (cou'd it save 'em Two Pence) wou'd rail at me; for you know Gentlemen (I wish you did not) I'm guilty of the SIN of being in Debt; and 'till the Sun shines, [I mean 'till October the 10th, 1708.] I must pass for a Poor fellow (alias K——) as the Vulgar think and generally call such as are not able to pay their Debts; which makes me to remember the Opinion of the Chineses, who hold Men's Poverty for an Infallible Mark of their Sins. But (my Generous Friends) you are Men of a better Principle; not (if I may presume to use the Words of the Princess Sophia (a)) "That I judge of People's Friendship for me, by the good Words they give me; but your Friendship (Gentlemen) is Generous Actions: And therefore I hope won't take it amiss that I only visit you in this Letter: For,

(a) In her Letter to his Grace the Arch-Bishop of Canterbury

as I said at first, Debt has been the Aversion of my whole Life. And I had much rather endure a Prison than to See any Person I owe Money to, till I am able to pay him.

This is The Living Elegy; (for Mournful state of my present Case) but it is meet with any Ill Treatment, as I do not deserve it, so I do not value it; for (Gentlemen) I writ this Elegy to satisfy you, and to please my self: And I am sure I shall have my End in the Latter, whatever I have in the Former. But for all others, they are Mock-Mourners, (alias Summer-Friends) and may go about their Business, for I neither value their Censure, nor shall court their Favour — FAVOUR! I might be a little Satyrical on that Word; but as M—— said (when she Loo'd her Beagles to Attach my Books, being aham'd to be seen in it her self) — A Word to the Wife is enough — But I shan't enlarge, for I have as little Reason to humour the Criticks as Wi—— had to be M——'s Setting Dog (I mean to offer in Person to Attach my Books) — However, this Matchless Impudence (I call it so, as I ow'd him nothing, and scarce know him) justifies the Character I gave him in P. 47. and plainly shews Wi—— M—— H——l and M——'s Pist all in a Quill.

And here (Gentlemen) perhaps 'twill be said (for Creditors have Reason to look into the Lives and Souls of their Debtors) — Dunion, we find you have Enemies in all Religions, [L——y is High-Church — The Moderator Low-Church — The Whipster No Church — S——ge a Tacker — F—— a Dissenter — M—— a Trimmer, &c.] — Then what are you that oppose 'em all?

To this I answer, (a) "My Religion is [CHRISTIAN,] I mean, entirely disencumber'd of all those Names, and Sects, and Parties, that have rais'd so much Dust and Noise, and have done the greatest Prejudice to Christianity and the Reformation. The

(a) As I formerly hinted in my Idea of a New Life. P. 2.
" World,

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 59

World, 'tis true, has given me that Partial and Precise Name of Presbyterian, which I renounce for ever; and take this Opportunity to tell those Strait-Laced Souls, who are for fixing Bounds and Enclosures in the Flock of Christ, that I am neither Church-man, Presbyterian, Independent, Anabaptist, Quaker, &c. That Title is the best, and sufficient for me, which obtain'd at Antioch under the Christian Dispensation: I desire no Character for the Future, but—CHRISTIAN—A Lover of Jesus, and one that intends for Heaven and Happiness in the Life to come; and 'tis of small Moment with me, whether a Malignant World will allow me this Measure of Charity: My Right to the Covenant of Grace, and my Eternal Interest, have no Dependance upon Ill Nature and Envy. This (Gentlemen) is the Religion, (call it what you please) that I desire to live and die in; and whilst others wrangle for this or that Party, or way of Worship, I desire to practice it: But tho' (as I said before) My Religion is entirely disencumber'd of all those Names and Parties which promote Divisions, and as 'twere, pine and shivel Right Christianity into a bare Skeleton, yet I profess my self an Impartial Lover of all good Men; (by what Names soever dignify'd and distinguish'd) and do presume every Man to be Good, till I find him otherwise—— I have as little Zeal about Things that are manifestly Indifferent (either Pro or Con) as any Man in the World, and chuse to reserve it for those Things which are truly worthy of it.— 'Tis a great Principle with me, that the Real Differences of Good and Intelligent People are not so wide as they seem; and that thro' Prejudice and Interest, they do many times contest about Words, whilst they do Heartily think the same Thing—— And this, in Answer to the Question [What are you?] is Dunton's Religion, or the uncommon Principles upon which he hopes to be sav'd. (a)

(a) By Uncommon Principles, I only mean such as are seldom believ'd, and more rarely practis'd.

This is also the Title of a *Large Essay* intended for Publick Views wherein are so many *Theses* different from what is generally believ'd and practis'd, as will make L——y (and my other Enemies) say, *Dunton* had rather err by himself, than hold a Common Truth—— However, I shall advance nothing in this *Essay* but what really are (or I take to be) *Orthodox Truths*; and such on which I intend to venture my *Soul and Eternal Happiness*—— But I won't anticipate my own Design, [*In this New Scheme of Religion*] having said enough at present to satisfy all my Friends, (and I hope my Enemies too) of what Religion I am, or shou'd be. —Gentlemen, I hope I have fairly prov'd, that as to my *Morals*, I am (or shall be) an *Honest Man* as soon as I get Money: And that *Dunton's Religion* is such (did he seriously practice it) as will bring me to Heaven at last—— I know a *System of Healing Principles*, &c. will be banter'd by L——y and the High-Flyers; but *Moderation* to such as *Dissent* from us, is what all Men own to be Reasonable, and wish they had practis'd on a *Death-bed*; for then Persons are *Open and Plain-Hearted*, find themselves as *Fallible* as other Men, and dare not Depart in *Malice* to the *Serious Christian* of any *Perswasion*—— This made King *WILLIAM* declare with his last Breath, “That he dy'd a *Christian of a Comprehensive Charity*——”
 “This with every *Serious Mind* must surely have a much greater
 “and better Sound, than to have said, *I die in the Enclos'd Com-*
 “*munion of one or other Party, or Denomination of Christians*——
 “Nor do I see how any one can safely leave the World, how-
 “ever they make a shift to live in it, without *A Charity* that
 “reaches to all *Serious Christians* under whatever *Distinguishing*
 “Name they pass. And let others confine their Candour and
 “Communion within *Narrower Limits*, if they dare; but I cou'd
 “never hope to be join'd to the *General Assembly and Church*
 “Above, if I shou'd willingly, and out of Choice; cut off my
 “self from any Part of the Body, or refuse upon truly *Catholic*
 “Terms, to hold *Communion* with 'em: And upon this very Prin-
 “ciple it is, that many *Protestant Dissenters* do, and may justify
 “both their *Occasional Communicating* with the *Church of England*,
 “so call'd, and their not daring to do it constantly (a)——
 L——y and D——ke may banter this *Moderation*, &c. as much as they please, yet I don't fear (if my *Morals* are good, and my *Religion* as *Sincere* and *Charitable* as here describ'd) but I shall meet all such Persons in Heaven that practice this *Healing Doctrine*: And here all the Debt will be LOVE. For, as *Herbert* says,

*All we know of the Bless'd Above,
 Is that they Sing, and that they Love.*

Having in this *LIVING ELEGY* briefly (and Publickly) Lamented

1. The Death of a Flourishing Trade

(2) See my New Practice of Piety. P. 54.

2. The

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 61

2. The Character and Ingratitude of those *Summer-Friends* that carel'd me as long as the World sinil'd.

3. The Spiteful and ungrateful Treatment of M—— that wou'd have blasted my Credit with Printers and Stationers.

4. The Little or No-Religion and Hobeſty that has appear'd in the Lives and Writings of *The Moderator*—— *Spy*—— *Whiſtler*—— *Rebearſal*, &c.

And as this *Elegy* has wept over, and fairly answer'd theſe *Impious Wretches*, ſo in Answer to this Queſtion, [*What are you?*] I have briefly ſhewn what Religion and Juſtice ought to be found in my Converſation: But having Publickly treated on theſe Heads, the Criticks are now deſir'd to withdraw a little, whilſt I have ſome Private Diſcourſe with my Few and Generous Creditors——

Then (*Gentlemen*) A Word in your Ear, and I'll then diſmiſs you with this Prayer. “That God wou'd bleſs all your Affairs, and make up the Diſappointment you have met with on my Account, (for that's all you can call it) in the Quick and Full Payments of your ſever Debtors—— But to the Word in your Ear!

Perhaps you'll ask, Who do you mean by the *2l*—— *B*—— *S*—— *F*—— *W*—— *P*—— *L*—— *J*—— *H*—— *S*—— *a*—— *D*—— *y*—— *C*—— *r*—— *M*—— *W*—— &c &c

I Answer—— I mean no Body but thoſe that wince; and if any ſuch *DARE* appear, I am ready and able to make Good every Word that is here Publish'd.

Thus (*Gentlemen*) have I finiſh'd my *Living Elegy*: (Or all the Words of Comfort your Poor Debtor can give at preſent) But ſeeing in all *Elegies*, Verſe is rather expected than Proſe; and that in a Fit of the Stone, &c. I ſcarce know whether I live or die, A *Rhiming Elegy* is the moſt proper Concluſion of this Letter——

My Body is belieg'd with The *Rheumatism*, *Scurvy*, and *Conſumptive Cough*, &c. (which ſhews Death is not far off) But in a Fit of the Stone, I actually ſtand (as *Aaron* once did in the Camp) betwixt the *Living* and the *Dead*. And whilſt I reflect on my ſelf, I find I participate of both. So that if a *Rhiming Elegy* was ever proper (for a *Living Perſon*) 'tis ſo for me; not only as it juſtifies the Title of this Letter, and ſhews I have one Foot in the Grave, but as I was Born ſeemingly Dead: ('Twas thought I was Lug'd out of my Natural Cell into my Grave.) And I cou'd have been content, had I had no more than the *Register*, or *Sexton*, to tell the World that I had ever been. However, I may venture to ſay, That from the firſt laying of theſe Mud-walls in my Conception, they have moulder'd away, and the whole Courſe of Life is but an *Active Death*: Nay, every Meal we eat, is as it were a Ranſom from one Death, and lays up for another; and while we think a Thought, we die; for the Clock ſtrikes, and reckons on our Portion of Eternity: Nay, we even form our Words with the Breath of our Noſtrils, and we have the leſs Time to live (want we dead already) for every Word we ſpeak.

62 The Living Elegy: Or,

I say it again, (want we dead already) for I have undertook to prove (a) what we call Life is Actual Death: or at best I am but Half alive, and half dead; for Half my Body (by Reason of the Stone, &c.) is dead, and hath already taken Seisin of the Grave for me: And all my Friends (that Hour I grew Unfortunate) dy'd. So that if I wou'd adhere to the greater Number, (as many do in Factions) I must repair to the Dead, if I en't with em already, for my Habitation (my Body) moulders apace, and the very Top and Cover (my Thatch above) turns Colour, grows Grey, and withers —

So that you see (Gentlemen) not only my Civil Death (by Reason of Debt) but my Crazy (and Dying) Body calls for a Living Elegy: And for that Reason, as I have written A Living Elegy (in Prose) on my Civil Death, so I'll conclude this Letter with a POEM on The Arrest of Natural Death, which Dunton (did my Creditors forgive all I owe them) can never escape.

[Dunton's Living Elegy in Verse.]
 Death is my House, for I perceive I have
 In all my Life ne'er dwelt out of a Grave.
 The Womb was (first) my Grave, whence since I rose;
 My Body (Grave-like) doth my Soul enclose;
 That Body (like a Corp's with Sheets) ever spread
 Dying each Night, lies bury'd in my Bed;
 O'er which my Spreading Testers large Extent
 Born with Carv'd Arriques, make my Monument.
 And o'er my Head (perchance) such Things may stand
 When I am quite run out in Dust and sand.
 My close-Low-bid'd Chamber, to my Eye,
 Shews like a little Chappel; where I lie,
 While at my Window pretty Birds do sing
 My Knell, and with their Notes my Obits sing.
 Thus, when the Day's vain Toil my Soul has weary'd,
 I in my Body, Bed, and House lie bury'd;
 Then have I little Cause to fear my Tomb,
 When this (wherein I live) my Grave's become.
 Then Crazy Dunton, why dost take such Care
 To lengthen out thy Life's short Calendar?
 Each dropping Season, and each Flower does cry,
 John, as I fade and mither, thou must die.
 The beating of thy Pulse when thou art well,
 Is but the Tolling of thy Passing Bell.
 Night is thy Hearse, whose Sable Canopy
 Covers like Deceased Day and Thee;
 And all those weeping Dews which Nightly fall,
 Are but as Tears shed for thy Funeral.

(a) In a Paradox Entitled The Funeral of Mankind: Or, an Essay proving we are all Dead and Buried, &c.

Whilft

Dunton's Letter to his Few Creditors. 63

Whilst thus I musing lay, to my Bed-side
 (Attir'd in all his Mourning Pride)
 The King of Terrors came;
 Awful his Looks, but not Deform'd and Grim,
 (He's no such Goblin as we fancy him)
 Scarce we got selves so Civiliz'd and Tame.
 Unk now the Doom assign'd me in this Change,
 Tho' justly I might fear Heaven's worst Revenge,
 Yet with my present Grievs redrest,
 With curious Thoughts of unknown Worlds posselt,
 Inflam'd with Thirst of Liberty,
 Long law'd, but ne'er enjoy'd by me,
 I sud for Leave the Fatal Gulf to pass.
 My Vital Sand is almost run,
 And Death, said I, will strike anon.
 Then to dull Life I bid a long Farewel,
 And stretch'd for Flight—— But as the last Grains fell,
 Death fail'd my Flatter'd Hopes, and turn'd the Glass.

But (Gentlemen) this is but a Living Elegy, for my Soul and Body en't yet parted; or if they were, shou'd you put a Bag of Guineas into my Hand, I shou'd let it fall; or cou'd you give me Sampful, (a) 'twou'd be too heavy to carry to the other World, for you'll see (when I die in Earnest) that my Eyes are clos'd, and I observe nothing——

Gentlemen—— I have nothing further to Add, but to tell ye again (at parting) [October the 10th. 1708.] I shall pay you every Penny I owe you; and that I am, till then (and for ever)

From the Athenian
 (alias Smith's) Coffee-House, in Stocks-Market,
 April the 10th, 1708.

Your much Obliged,
 And very Humble Servant,

JOHN DUNTON.

(a) The Name of a Good Estate which my Monour'd Mother once offer'd to secure to me, by a Writing under her Hand, which I refus'd to take, as not doubting but she'll perform her Promise of giving it to me and my Wife, after her Death.

Five B O O K S lately Published, viz.

1. **T**HE Life and Errors of John Dunton, late Citizen of London, written by himself in Solitude; with an Idea of a New Life: wherein is shew'd how he'd Think, Speak, and Act, might

BOOKS lately Published.

might be live over his Days again: Intermix'd with the New Discoveries the Author has made in his Travels Abroad, and in his Private Conversation at Home. Together with the Lives and Characters of a Thousand Persons now Living in London, &c. Digested into Seven Stages, with their Respective Ideas. To this Life is prefix'd the Author's Speaking Picture, Drawn by himself. Price Bound 5s.

2. A Cat may look on a Queen: Or a Satyr on Her Present Majesty. — Price 1 s.

3. Plain French: Or a Satyr upon the Tacklers. To which is added the Character of a True Patriot: Written to caution and direct English Free-holders in the Choice of a New Parliament; and particularly the Electors in Bucks. By John Duntton, a Free-holder of the same County. The Fourth Edition, Corrected and Enlarged. Price 6s.

4. The New Athenian Oracle; under Three General Heads, viz. The Divine, Philosophick, and Secret Oracle. The whole resolving such Nice and Curious Questions as were never answer'd in The Old Athenian Oracle. Vol. 1. with a General Table, Price 3s. — The Second Volume of The New Athenian Oracle will be Publish'd, when a Thousand of the First Volume is Sold off; and then this New Oracle will be continu'd in Volumes, at 3s. Each, till the Question Project is completed in Six Volumes; all which will not exceed the Bulk (or Price) of the Three Volumes of the Old Athenian Oracles. This Notice is given, that so all Ingenious Querists may continue to send what Nice and Curious Questions they have still by them. But take Notice, that no Questions will be answer'd, or receiv'd, but what are sent to the Athenian (Smith's) Coffee-house in Stocks-Market, and Postage paid.

5. The Athenian Catechism: Containing, The Atheist's Catechism, Numb. 1. A Continuation of the Atheist's Catechism, Numb. 2. The Player's Catechism, Numb. 3. The High-Flyer's Catechism, Numb. 4. The Bigotted Dissenter's Catechism, Numb. 5. The Atheist at Confession: Or, The Atheists Penitential Catechism, Numb. 6. A Continuation of the Atheist's Penitential Catechism, Numb. 7. The Occasional Conformist's Catechism, Numb. 8. The Occasional Non-Conformist's Catechism, Numb. 9. A Continuation of the Occasional Non-Conformist's Catechism, Numb. 10. The Lady's Catechism for Paint and Patches, Numb. 11. A Catechism for our late Pamphleteers, Numb. 12. A Catechism for Coffee-houses, Numb. 13. A Continuation of the Coffee-house Catechism, Numb. 14. The Catechism for Coffee-houses continu'd, Numb. 15. The Finishing Catechism for the Coffee-houses, Numb. 16. The Political Catechism, for the Improvement of News-Mongers, Numb. 17. A Continuation of the Political Catechism, Numb. 18, 19, 20. — These several Catechisms are a Continuation of the Athenian Catechism, To which is Added, The Gentleman's Courant Or, News for the Ingenious: These 20 Numbers complete the First Volume of the Athenian Catechism (and are Sold at 18 d. Stitch'd up in Blue Paper.) A Second Volume of this Catechetical Project will be Publish'd, if due Encouragement be given. — By the New Athenian Society.

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